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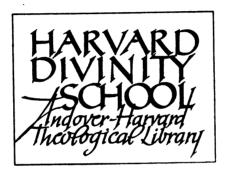
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M 2125 .M58 1885





THE

MISSION HYMNAL:

A HYMNAL ISSUED BY THE

MISSION COMMITTEE

APPOINTED BY

THE ASSISTANT BISHOP OF NEW YORK.



BIGLOW & MAIN, PUBLISHERS,

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PREFACE.

THE Committee appointed by the Assistant Bishop of New York has authorized the publication of this Hymnal, with the hope that it may be useful in the coming Mission, in Advent. It has drawn from several sources, but principally from a book of the same character published in England under the supervision of the Rev. WM. HAY M. H. AITKIN. In selecting from the Hymnal authorized by the General Convention, as far as possible regard has been paid to the expressed wishes of the Clergy. Of course many excellent hymns have been omitted from this collection, but the number could not have been increased without making the book too unwieldy for popular use. After a most careful consideration of the whole question, the Committee feels that this Hymnal will be found helpful in a majority of parishes that will take part in the Missions to be held in the City of New York and elsewhere during the coming year. 2125

New York, September, 1885.

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INDEX I.

No.	First line.	Author.
	All hail the power of Jesu's Name	Perronet.
	And can it be that I should gain	Wesley.
4	Arise my soul arise	Wesley.
5	Art thou weary, art thou languid	Neale.
6	At even, ere the sun was set	H. Twells.
170	Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve	P. Doddridge.
7	Behold the Lamb of God	M. Bridges.
Ř	Behold the Saviour of mankind	S. Wesley, senior.
	Beneath the cross of Jesus	Miss Clephane.
	Breast the wave, Christian	Joseph Stammers.
	Bride of the Lamb, awake, awake	Sir R. Denny.
	Christian! dost Thou see them !	Tr. J. M. Neale.
	Come, every soul by sin oppressed	J. H. Stockton.
12	Come home! Come home!	Mrs. Gates.
13	Come, let us arise, and lift heavenward	C. Wesley.
14	Come, let us join our cheerful songs	Dr. Watts.
	Come, let us sing the Song of songs	James Montgomery.
	Come let us to the Lord our God	Morrison.
17	Come, O thou traveler unknown	C. Wesley.
	Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast	Wesley.
	Come Thou Fount of every blessing	Robert Robinson.
	Come to Jesus! Come away	Anon.
20	Come to our poor nature's night	Geo. Rawson.
21	"Come unto Me, ye weary"	Dix.
22	Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched	Hart.
23	Depth of mercy! can there be	Wesley.
147	Father whate'er of earthly bliss	Anne Steele.
20	Glory be to Jesus	Translated by Caswell.
20	Glory to God on high	Kelly.
	God the Father, God the Son	Mrs. Stockton.
	Go, labor on: spend, and be spent	Anon. Dr. H. Bonar.
94	Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.	W. Williams.
	Hail, Sovereign Love, that first began	Brewer.
	Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs are	Faber
32	Hark, how the watchmen cry	C. Wesley.
33	Hark, the voice of Jesus crying	D. March.
	Head of the Church triumphant	C. Wesley.
	He leadeth me! O blessed thought	J. H. Gilmore.
	Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh	Wesley.
37	Holy Ghost, come down upon Thy children	Faber.
105	Holy offerings rich and rare	
39	How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds	J. Newton.
40	I am coming to the Cross	Rev. Wm. McDonald.
41	I am Thine, O Lord; I have heard Thy voice	F. J. Crosby.
42	I have sinned, Thou know'st how deeply	Rev. W. H. Aitken
43	I heard the voice of Jesus say	Dr. H. Bonar.
44	I heard the word of love	Anon.
40	I hear Thy welcome voice	L. Hartsough.
40	I lay my sins on Jesus	Dr. H. Bonar.
41	I need Thee, every hour,	Mrs. Hawks.
40 AC	In evil long I took delight	J. Newton. J. Nicholson.
7.	A THE COOK I MAYO IUUUU A FOUTCAM	U. AMUNDON.

No.	First line.	Author.
50	In seasons of grief to my God I'll repair In the hour of trial	Anon.
38	In the hour of trial.	J. Montgomery.
51 52	It passeth knowledge, that dear love I've found a joy in sorrow	Miss Shekleton. Mrs. T. D. Crewdson.
53	I was a wandering sheep	Dr. H. Bonar.
54	I was wandering and weary	Faber.
55	I will praise Thee every day	Cowper.
62	Jesu, Lover of my soul	Wesley.
171 56	Jesus, and shall it ever be	James Grigg.
57	Jesus Christ is passing by	Emma Toke. Anon.
58	Jeaus! I am resting, resting	Jean S. Pigott.
59	Jesus. I my cross have taken	Lyte.
60	Jeans I will trust Thea	Lyte. Mrs. Walker.
61	Jesus, let Thy pitying eye. Jesus, my Saviour, look on me. Jesus, the very thought of Thee	C. Wesley.
162 163	Jesus, my Saviour, 100k on me	Charlotte Elliott.
63	Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness. Joy, joy, joy! there is joy in heaven with the. Just as I am, without one plea. Let it be now! Too long hast thou delayed.	Tr. E. Caswall. Tr. J. Wesley.
64	Joy, joy, joy! there is joy in heaven with the	F. J. Crosby.
65	Just as I am, without one plea	C. Elliott.
67	Let it be now! Too long hast thou delayed	Rev. W. H. Aitken J. H. Gurney.
174 68	Lord, as to Thy dear cross	C. Wesley.
69	Lord, I hear the showers of blessing	Mrs. Codner.
70	Lord, in this Thy mercy's day	Williams.
71	Lord, in this Thy mercy's day Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole Lord, now indeed I find	J. Nicholson.
72	Lord, now indeed I find	Elvira M. Hall.
73 179	Lord of mercy and of might Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thec	Heber.
161	Love divine, all love excelling	F. S. Key. C. Wesley.
75	Mourner, wheresoe'er thou art	F. J. Crosby.
2	My faith looks up to Thee	Ray Palmer.
169	My God, accept my heart this day	Matthew Bridges
76 77	My God, accept my heart this day My God, I am Thine. My heart is fixed, immortal God	C. Wesley.
78	My heart is resting, O my God	Richard Jukes A. L. Waring.
79		Rev. E. Mote.
128	My sins, my sins, my Saviour My sins, my sins, my Saviour My spirit, soul, and body. Nearer, my God, to Thee No gospel like this Feast Nothing but leaves! the spirit grieves Now I have found the ground wherein.	J. S. B. Monsell.
80	My spirit, soul, and body	Mrs. James.
81 82	Negrer, my God, to Thee	Mrs. Adams.
83	Nothing but leaves! the spirit grieves	Mrs. Alexander. Lucy E. Akerman.
84	Now I have found the ground wherein	Rothe, tr. Wesley.
85		Rev. E. Jackson.
86	Now severed is Jordan	B. Gould.
87 88	O Christ what hurdens howed Thy head	Rev. F. Bottome. Mrs. Cousin.
89	O do not let the word departs	Elizabeth Reed.
166	O for a closer walk with God.	William Cowper.
90	O for a heart to praise my God	Wesley.
173	Off in danger off in woe	H. K. White.
91 92	O holy Saviour! Friend unseen	Doddridge. C. Elliott.
93	O Jesus, I have promised	J. E. Bode.
94	O Jesus! O Jesus! how vast Thy love to me	Anon.
168	O Jesus, Saviour of the lost O Jesu, Thou art standing	Edward H. Bickersteth
95	O Jesu, Thou art standing	Rev. Wm. W. How. Rev. W. H. Aitken,
96 97	O leave we all for Jesus	C Worley
177	O most merciful	C. Wesley. R. Heber.
99	Only one prayer to-day	Anon.
100	O the bitter shame and sorrow	Theodore Monod.
102	O think of the home over there	D. W. C. Huntington. C. Wesley.
103 175	O Thou that hangedst on the tree	Tr. J. Wesley.
104	O Thou to whose all-searching sight O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	Rev. Josiah Hopkins.
176	Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	Harriet Auber.

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No.	First line.	Author.
106	Praise, praise ye the Name of Jehovah	Anon.
107		Anon.
74	Rejoice, rejoice believers	Tr. J. Borthwick.
	Rescue the perishing	F. J. Crosby.
109	Revive Thy work, O Lord	Albert Midlane.
	Rock of Ages, cleft for me	Toplady.
112	Safe in the arms of Jesus	F. J. Crosby.
167	Saviour, source of every blessing	Rebert Robinson.
113	Saviour, when in dust to Thee	Grant.
114	Shall we gather at the river	R. Lowry.
115	Sinners, turn, why will ye die	Wesley.
165		Charles Wesley.
	Souls of men why will ye scatter	Faber.
118		G. Duffield.
119	Stricken by the tyrant dread	Rev. W. H. Aitkin.
120	Take my life, and let it be	Frances R. Havergal.
121	The Head that once was crowned with thorns	Kelly.
122	The King of love my Shepherd is	H. W. Baker.
123	There are angels hovering round	Anon.
124	There is a fountain filled with blood	Cowper.
125	There is a gate that stands ajar	Mrs. L. Baxter.
126	There is a life for a look at the Crucified One	Amelia M. Hull.
127	They were ninety and nine that safely lay	Miss Clephane.
	The Spirit in our hearts	H. U. Onderdonk.
101	The voice of free grace	Richard Burdsall.
129	Thine for ever: God of love	Mary F. Maude.
117		Thomas Raffles.
130	Thou hidden love of God, whose height	Tr. J. Wesley.
131	Thou Judge of quick and dead	C. Wesley.
192	Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine	C. Wesley.
134	Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes	C. Wesley.
	Thou who didst on Calvary bleed	Anon.
135	Thy way, not mine, O Lord	Dr. H. Bonar.
	Thy works, not mine, O Christ	Dr. H. Bonar.
137	To-day Thy mercy calls us	Oswald Allen. Dr. H. Bonar.
	True Bread of life, in pitying mercy given	
	Weary of earth, and laden with my sin	Stone.
140	What a Friend we have in Jesus	Wesley. Anon.
	What could your Redeemer do	Wesley.
142	What means this eager, anxious throng	Miss Campbell
	When I survey the wondrous Cross	Dr. Watts.
	When this passing world is done	McCheyne.
146	When this passing world is done. Why those fears? Behold, 'tis Jesus	Kelly.
148	With steady pace the pilgrim moves	Anon.
149	Work, for the night is coming	Annie L. Walker.
150	Ye faithful souls, who Jesus know	C. Wesley.
151	Yes, we part, but not for ever	J. Denham Smith.
152	Yet that pass by behold the Man	C. Wesley.
153	"Yet there is room!" The Lamb's bright hall	Dr. H. Bonar.

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

154 By cool Siloam's shady rill	R. Heber.
160 I think when I read that sweet story	Mrs. Jemima Luke.
156 Jesu, meek and gentle	Prynne.
157 Oh, have you not heard of a beautiful 158 One there is above all others	stream Montgomery.
158 One there is above all others	Marrianne Nunn.
155 There is a green hill far away	C. F. Alexander.
159 There is a land of pure delight	Wesley.
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No.		Tune.	Composer.
1	C.M	Miles Lane	Shrubsole.
2	66,4,666,4	Olivet	Dr. Lowell Mason.
3 4	08 & 88	Whites Row	Anon.
5	00,00,00	Runord Park	J. W. Waugh.
6	86,83 L.M	Croston	Anon
7	66,64,88,4	Saint John	Anon
8	C.M	Revelation	Dr E Miller
9	76,86,86,86. C.M. and Chorus. C.M. "	Clephane	Ira D Sankey.
10	C.M. and Chorus	Nymphia	Rev. W. Hay Aitken.
11	C.M. " "		Rev. J. H. Stockton.
12	46.66,55 11,8,10,9		W. H. Doane.
13	11,8,10,9	Dahin	Rev. W. Hay Aitken.
14	C.M. and Chorus. L.M. C.M.	Netherton	Anon.
15 16	C.M	wainwright	W. Wainwright.
17	60 Ar Ro	Loughborough	Attwood.
18	6s & 8s	Trinity	Alion. Diomografia
19	78.86	St. Elphin	Anon
20	78,86	Capetown	Dr. Filitz
21	76,76, D	Swansea	Anon.
22	76,76, D	Mount of Olives	W. L. Viner.
23	77,77, D	Sorrento	J. H. Deane.
24 {	87,87,87	Green ville	J. J. Rousseau.
~~?	87,87,47	Zion	Dr. Thomas Hastings.
25`	87,87,47. 65,65. 66,4,666,4, and Chorus.	Saint Mark	W. Thackwray.
26 27	00,4,000,4, and Unorus	Gioria in Excessis	B. Milgrove.
28 28	C.M. and Chorus	Sumplication	W. G. Fischer.
29	T. M	Confirmation	Pay H P Smith
30	I.M	Dolaigo	Dow How Aishin
31	P.M. D.S.M. and Chorus. 87,87, D. T7,44,7, D. L.M. and Chorus. L.M.	Angels	Swiss air.
32	D.S.M. and Chorus	Holmeside	W. Thackwray.
33	87,87, D	Ford	S. M. Grannis.
34	77,44,7, D	Lostwithiel	J. Turle.
35	L.M. and Chorus	Aughton	W. B. Bradbury.
36 37	D.M.	Molyneux	J. W. Waugh.
37 38	F.M	Invocation	Kev. Hay Altken.
39	C. M. and Chorns	Holy Name	Rev. I. H. Stockton
40	77.77	Ormaide	W. G. Fischer
4Ĭ	D.M. 6s & 5s C. M. and Chorus. 77,77 10,7,10,7 and Chorus. 87,87,47 D.C.M. S.M. S.M. S.M. S.M. S.M. S.M. S.M.		W. H. Doane.
42	87,87,47	Ambergate	Rev. Hay Aitken.
43	D.C.M	Vox Dilecti	Rev. Dr. Dykes.
44	8.M	Dedication	Anon.
45	S.M. and Chorus		L. Hartsough
46	76,76, D	Cairnyorth	Rev. Hay Aitken.
47 48	C.M. and Chorus	TI-1- O	R. LOWFY. Mondologobn
49	D M	Holy Cross	Mendelssonn.
50	S.M. and Chorus	Patros	Anon
52	76.76. D	Earlswood	Ira D. Sankey.
53	D.S.M	Vale Royal	Arr. by W. Thackwray
54	76,76, D. D.S.M. P.M. 77,77.	Pastor Verus	J. W. Waugh.
55	77,77	Belper	Kev. W. Hay Aitken.

No.	Measure.	Tune.	Composer.
56	87,87	Galilee	
57 58	87,87	Litany	W. W. Woodward.
59	87.87. Double	Snowdon	J. W. Waugh.
60	65,65, Double and Chorus	Saint Alban	Haydn & Dykes.
61	76,76, D	Leamington	Anon.
62 63	T. M.	Sol Animae	Rev. Dr. Dykes.
64	87,85, Double and Chorus 87,87, Double	Joy, joy, joy!	Wm. B. Bradbury.
65	88,86	Penmaen	Rev. T. R. Matthews.
66 67	6s & 5s, D. 10,10,10,66. 87,87,47 87,87,3 777 11,11,11,11, and Chorus 66,66, and Chorus 77,75. 78 & 6s, D.	Arndilly	J. B. Dykes.
68	87,87,47	Helmsley	Thomas Olivers.
69	87,87,3	Toronto	Anon.
70 71	11 11 11 11 and Chorns	Saint Philip	W. H. Monk.
72	66,66, and Chorus		J. T. Grane.
73	77,75	Saint Helen	Rev. A. Wishaw.
74	78 & 68, D	Webb	D. Lowell Mason.
75	75,75,77,75	Edge Hill	W. Thackwray.
76	56,65, and Chorus	Revival	J. J. Husband.
77	78 & 68, D. 78 & 68, D. 75,75,77,75. 56,65, and Chorus. 86,86,88,86. C.M. 68 & 88.	Glasbury	Anon.
78 79	6s & 8s.	Surrey	Anon. Carv
80	76,77, and Chorus	Consecration	Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp
81	64,64,66,4	Patriarch	Thomas Southgate.
82 83	86 88 68	Nothing but leaves	Rev. W. Hay Aitken.
84	6s &z 8s	Compline	Rev. Dr. Havne.
85	64,64,66,64	Leeds	Beethoven.
86 87	74.74 and Chorus	Gilgal	Rev. W. Hay Aitken.
88	86,86,88,86. C.M. 68 & 8s 76,77, and Chorus 64,64,66,4 8.M 86,88,68 68 & 8s 64,64,66,64 68,58,11s. 74,74, and Chorus 86,86,86. L.M. C.M. L.M. and Chorus 88,86 76,76, D. P.M. 76,76, D. P.M. 58 & 68, D. 87,88,77 8.M. P.M. L.M. L.M. L.M. L.M. C.M. L.M. S8,87 8.M. P.M. L.M. C.M. L.M. S8,87 8.M. P.M. C.M. L.M. S8,87 8.M. P.M. P.M. L.M. S8,87 8.M. P.M. P.M. C.M. L.M. S8,87 8.M. P.M. P.M. L.M. S8,87 8.M. P.M. P.M. L.M. S8,87 8.M. P.M. P.M. S8,877 8.M. P.M. S8,977 8.M. P.M. S9,10,65,10,65,10	Baguley	Ira D. Sankev.
89	L.M.	Submission	Anon.
90 91	I. M. and Chorus	Procedure dies	J. Walch.
92	88,86	Kirkstall	Frank Carr.
93	76,76, D	Boharm	Rev. W. Hay Aitken.
94 95	76.76 D	Anfold	Anon.
96	76,76, D	Anfield	Anon.
97	L.M	Blackburn	Rev. Hay Aitken.
98 99	98 82 98, D 97 88 77	Onward	W. C. Filby.
100	S.M.	Saint Frances	L. M. Fosberv.
101	P.M	Scotland	John Clarke.
102 103	P.M	Hollow	T. C. O'Kane.
104	11,11,11,11	Aldershot	Rev. Josiah Honkins.
105	7s & 8s, Pec	Holy Offerings	R. Redhead.
106 107	P.M	Laus Deo	Anon.
108	65,10,65,10.	Rosslynlee	W. H. Doane.
109	S.M	Sator	Anon.
110	6s, D	St. Lawrence	John Stainer.
112	76.76. D	Reynoldstone	W H Doone
113	77,77, D	St. Agnes	Rev. A. Wishaw.
114	87,87, and Chorus	Hammond	Rev. R. Lowry.
116	87.87. D	Derby	J. H. Deane. Wm B Bredburg
117	C.M.D	St. Leonard	Henry Hiles.
110	08, D. 77, 77, 77. 76, 76, D. 77, 77, D. 87, 87, and Chorus 77, 77, D. 87, 87, D. C.M.D. C.M.D. C.M.D.	Chester	Anon.
118 ` 119	76,76, D	Bahylon	Arr from Old Moleda
120	77,77, D	Compline	Anon.
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No.	Measure.	Tune.	Composer.
121	C.M	Ilfracombe	S Wabba
122	87 87	Dominus rocit mo	Dow Da Daless
123	P.M		J.J. Husband
124	C.M		Old American
125	87.87, and Chorus	Glynde	S. J. Vail
126	PM		RAW E C Tawles
127	TO M	Ninety and Nine	Ima D. Cantara
128	78 & 68, D	Thalberg	S. Thalherg.
129	77.77	Thalberg Weber	Weber.
130	68 & 88	Budworth	Havdn
131	D.S.M	Leominster	(ł. W. Martin.
132	8s. D	Arabia	Hart
133	D.C.M	Jerusalem	E. J. Crow, Mus. B.
134	77,76	Calvary Cairninnis.	Anon.
135	66,66,44,44	· · · · · Cairninnis. · · · · · · ·	Rev. W. Hay Aitken.
136	76,76, D	Elizabeth	F. Thackwray.
137	10,10,10,10	Dalkeith	T. Hewlett.
138	10,10,10,10	Dalkeith	T. Hewlett.
139	77,77,77	Hazelwood	Rev. W. Hay Aitken.
140	87,87, D	Chiselhurst	C. C. Converse.
141	77,77, D	Cromford	Kev. W. Hay Aitken.
142	os, os, and Chorus	Doel-in-hom	T. E. Perkins.
143	77 77 77	Clanaran	Miller,
144	9° 8° 7° 1)	Nottleton	Toba Wash
145 146	97 97 A7	Sedgebrook. Rockingham Glenavon Nettleton Parting	John wyein.
	CM	Naomi	Dr. I. Mason
147	CM	Reatitude	J R Dykes
148	86.86	BeatitudeNairnAltrincham	Dr. Thomas Hastings.
149	76.75. D	Altrincham	Dr. Lowell Mason.
150	L.M	Wavertree	W. Shore.
151	87.87,47	Parting	
152	L.M	St. Vincent	Chev. Neukomm.
153	10,10,10	Timperly	Ira D. Sankey.
161	8s. 7s. D	Weston	J. E. Roe.
162	8,8,8,4	Hanford	A. S. Sullivan.
163	C.M	SawleySt. Thomas	Pigou.
164	S.M	St. Thomas	G. F. Handel.
165	S.M	Silver Street	Isaac Smith.
166	C.M	Dundee	G. Franc.
167	08, 78	Trust	r. Mendelssonn.
168 169	C.M	Martyrdom Mear	rugu wuson.
170	CM	Christmas	Coo F Handal
171	T. M	Duke Street	John Hatton
172	8a 7a D	Laus Deo	James A. Johnson
173	78	University College	H. J. Gauntlett.
174	C.M	St. Agnus	J. B. Dykes.
175	L. M	Hurgley	Wm. H. Monk.
176	8,6,8,4	St. Cuthbert	J. B. Dykes.
177	58,78,	St. CuthbertPrayer	Rev. W. Hay Aitken.
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HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

	C.M	Siloam	Anon.
154	C.M	Heber.	Geo. Kingsley.
155	C.M	Horsley	W. Horsley.
100	C.M. C.M. 65,65. P.M.	Lambeth	Anon.
156	60,00	St. Constantine	W. H. MODK.
158	84,84,88,84	Wilmelow	Anon
159	C.M. and Chorus.	Emmanuel	Anon.
	P.M		

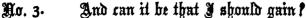
No. 1. All hail the power of Jesu's Hame.



- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God Who from His altar call; Of Jesse's stem extol the Rod, And crown Him Lord of all.
- \$ Ye seed of Israel's chosen race, Ye ransomed of the fall, Hall Him, who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every tribe and every tongue Before Him prostrate fall, And shout in universal song And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng We at His feet might fall, Join in the everlasting song And grown Him Lord of all.



- 2 May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting hear, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changless be, A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness turn to day; Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From Thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold sullen stream,
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour, then in love,
 Fear and distrust remove;
 O bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul. Amen.
 (2)



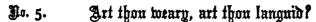


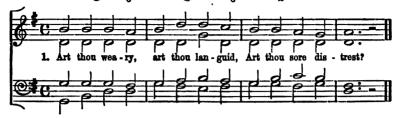
- 2 "Tis mystery all! th' Immortal dies! Who can explore His strange design? In vain the first-born Seraph tries To sound the depth of Love divine! 'Tis mercy all! let earth adore; And angel-minds enquire no more.
- 3 He left His Father's throne above, (So free, so infinite His grace!) Emptied Himself of all but love, And bled for Adam's helpless race: 'Tis mercy, all immense and free, For, O my God, it found out me!
- 4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night:
 Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
 I woke: the dungeon flamed with light!
 My chains fell off, my heart was free,
 I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.
- 5 No condemnation now I dread, Jesus, and all in Him is mine; Alive in Him my living head, And clothed in righteousness Divine, Bold I approach th' eternal throne, And stand complete in Christ alone,

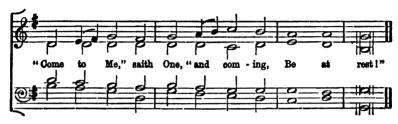
Arise, my soul, arise.



- 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede,
 It is all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood, to plead;
 His blood atoued for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 8 Five bleeding wounds He bears, Received on Calvary; They pour effectual prayers, They strongly speak for me:
 - "Forgive Him, oh, forgive," they cry,
 "Nor let that ransomed sinner die."
- 4 The Father hears Him pray,
 His dear Anointed One;
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of His Son:
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconciled,
 His pardoning voice I hear;
 He owns me for His child,
 I can no longer fear:
 With confidence, I now draw nigh,
 And, "Father, Abba, Father!" cry.







2

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,

If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints
And His side!"

R

Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns!"

4

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away!"

5

If I still hold closely to Him, What hath He at last? "Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended, Jordan past!"

finding, following, serving, trusting,

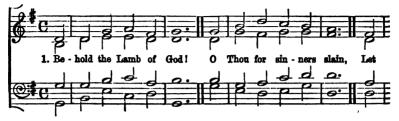
Is He sure to bless?

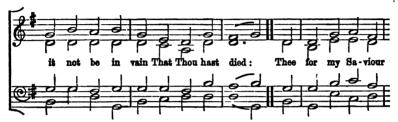
*Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes!"

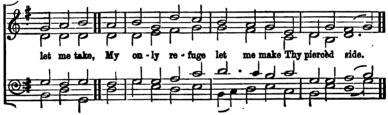


- 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we, Oppress'd with various ills, draw near : What if thy form we cannot see? We know and feel that Thou art here.
- 8 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel; For some are sick, and some are sad, And some have never loved Thee well, And some have lost the love they had.
- 4 And some have found the world is vain,
 Yet from the world they break not free;
 And some have friends who give them pain,
 Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.
- 5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest, For none are wholly free from sin; And they who fain would serve Thee best, Are conscious most of wrong within.
- 6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art man; Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried; Thy kind but searching glance can scan The very wounds that shame would hide.
- 7 Thy touch has still its ancient power; No word from Thee can fruitless fall; Hear in this solemn evening hour, And in Thy mercy heal us all.









- 2 Behold the Lamb of God!
 Into the sacred flood
 Of Thy most precious Blood
 My soul I cast:
 Wash me and make me clean within,
 And keep me pure from every sin,
 Till life be past.
- 8 Behold the Lamb of God!
 All hail, Incarnate Word,
 Thou everlasting Lord
 Saviour most blest;
 Fill us with love that never faints,
 Grant us with all Thy blessed Saints
 Eternal rest.
- 4 Behold the Lamb of God!
 Worthy is He alone
 That sitteth on the throne
 Of God above;
 One with the Ancient of all days,
 One with the Comforter in praise,
 All Light and Love.

No. 8. Behold the Saviour of mankind.



- 2 Hark, how He groans! while nature shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend! The temple's veil in sunder breaks, The solid marbles rend.
- 8 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,
 " Receive My soul," He cries!
 See where He bows His sacred head!
 He bows His head and dies!

Somewhat faster.

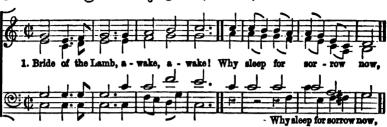
ff 4 But soon He'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine!

pp 0 Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like Thine



- 2 O safe and happy shelter, O refuge tried and sweet, O trysting-place where Heaven's love, and Heaven's justice meet! As to the holy Patriarch that wondrous dream was given, So seems my Saviour's cross to me, a ladder up to heaven.
- 8 There lies beneath its shadow, but on the further side,
 The darkness of an awful grave that gapes both deep and wide;
 And there between us stands the cross, two arms out-stretched to save
 Like a watchman set to guard the way from that eternal grave.
- 4 Upon that Cross of Jesus, mine eye at times can see, The very dying form of One, who suffered there for me; And from my smitten heart with tears, two wonders I confess— The wonders of His glorious love, and my own worthlessness.
- 5 I take, O Cross. Thy shadow, for my abiding place; I ask no other sunshine than the sunshine of His face! Content to let the world go by, to know no gain nor loss,— My sinful self, my only shame, my glory all the Cross.



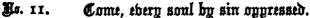








- 2 This earth, the scene of all His woe, A homeless wild to thee, Full soon upon His heavenly throne, Its rightful King shall see.
- 8 Thy spirit, through the lonely night, From earthly joy apart, Hath sighed for One that's far away— The Bridegroom of thy heart.
- 4 Thou too shalt reign—He will not wear His crown of joy alone! And earth His royal Bride shall see Beside Him on the throne.
- 5 Then weep no more—'tis all thine own, His crown, His joy divine; And, sweeter far than all beside, He, He Himself is thine.





- 2 For Jesus shed His precious blood Rich blessings to bestow: Plunge now into the crimson flood That washes white as snow.
- 8 Yes, Jesus is the truth, the way That leads you into rest: Believe in Him without delay, And you are fully blest.
- 4 Come then, and join this holy band, And on to glory go, To dwell in that celestial land Where joys immortal flow.

Come home! come home!



- 2 Come home, come home!
 For we watch and we wait,
 And we stand at the gate,
 While the shadows are piled:
 O prodigal child!
 Come home, oh, come home!
- S Come home, come home!
 From the sorrow and blame,
 From the sin and the shame,
 And the tempter that smiled:
 O prodigal child!
 Come home, oh, come home!
- Come home, come home!
 There is bread and to spare,
 And a warm welcome there,
 From thy friends reconciled:
 O prodigal child!
 Come home, oh, come home!

V William V

Come, let us arise.



- 2 By faith we are come, to our heavenly home: By hope we the rapture improve: By love we still rise, and look down on the skies For the Heaven of heavens is love.
- 8 What a rapturous song, when the glorified throng In the spirit of harmony join! Join all the glad choirs, hearts, voices, and lyres, And the burden is "Mercy divine!"
- 4 Hallelujah! they cry, to the King of the sky,
 To the Great Everlasting I AM;
 To the Lamb that was slain, and that liveth again,
 Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!
- 5 The Lamb on the throne! Lo, He dwells with His own, And to rivers of pleasure He leads; With His mercy's full blaze, with the sight of His face Our beatified spirits He feeds;
- 6 Our foreheads proclaim His ineffable Name;
 Our bodies His glory display;
 A day without night we feast in His sight,
 And eternity seems as a day!



- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died!" they cry,
 - "To be exalted thus:"
 - "Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply;
 "For He was slain for us."
- 8 Jesus is worthy to receive Honour and power divine; And blessings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one, To bless the sacred Name Of Him that sits upon the throne, And to adore the Lamb.

Io. 15. Come, let us sing the Song of songs.



- 2 Slain to redeem us by His Blood, To cleanse from every sinful stain, And make us kings and priests to God; Worthy the Lamb. for He was slain?
- 3 To Him who suffered on the Tree Our souls at His soul's price to gain, Blessing, and praise, and glory be: Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!
- 4 To Him, enthroned by filial right, All power in heaven and earth proclaim, Honour and majesty and might: Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!
- 5 Long as we live, and when we die, And while in Heaven with Him we reign, This song our Song of songs shall be: Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!

No. 16. Come, let us to the Lord our God.



- 2 His voice commands the tempest forth And stills the stormy wave; And, though His arm be strong to smite, 'Tis also strong to save.
- 8 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned; The dawn shall bring us light: God shall appear, and we shall rise With gladness in His sight.
- 4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know, Shall know Him and rejoice;

His coming like the morn shall be, Like morning songs, His voice.

- 5 As dew upon the tender herb
 Diffusing fragrance round;
 As showers that usher in the spring,
 And cheer the thirsty ground.
- 6 So shall His presence bless our souls, And shed a joyful light; That hallowed morn shall chase away The sorrows of the night.

No. 17. Come, O thou trabeller unknown.





2 I need not tell Thee who I am;
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on Thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now!

- 8 In vain Thou strugglest to get free, I never will unloose my hold! Art Thou the Man that died for me? The secret of Thy love unfold: Wrestling, I will not let Thee go, Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.
- 4 Yield to me now, for I am weak; But confident in self-despair; Speak to my heart, in blessings speak:

Be conquered by my instant prayer; Wrestling, I will not let Thee go, Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

- 5 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me, I hear Thy whisper in my heart: The morning breaks, the shadows flee; Pure universal Love Thou art: To me, to all, Thy bowels move, Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.
- 6 I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art:
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend,
 Nor wit Thou with the night depart,
 But stay and love me to the end:
 Thy mercies never shall remove,
 Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.
 (17)





Sent by my Lord, on you I call: The invitation is to all: Come, all the world, come, sinner thou, All things in Christ are ready now.

8

Come, all ye souls by sin opprest, Ye restless wanderers after rest; Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind, In Christ a hearty welcome find.

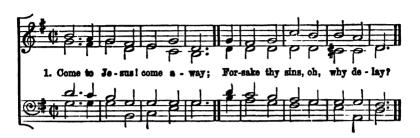
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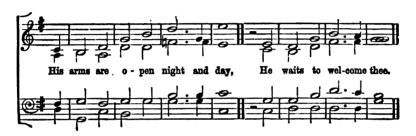
See Him set forth before your eyes, That precious bleeding sacrifice! His offered benefits embrace, And freely now be saved by grace!

6

This is the time, no more delay, This is the acceptable day; Come in this moment at His call, And live for Him who died for all.

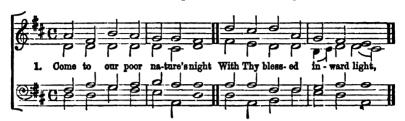
No. 19. Come to Jesus I come away.

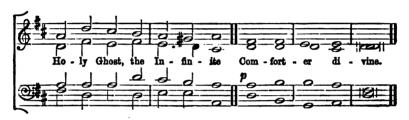




- 2 Come to Jesus! sin no more, But on thy bended knees implore, And knock in faith at mercy's door, He's sure to welcome thee.
- 8 Come to Jesus! lift an eye: There's prayer in every contrite sigh And every groan, for God is nigh, He'll bow His ear to thee.
- 4 Come to Jesus! all is free
 Hark! how he calls "Come unto Me!
 I cast out none, I'll pardon thee."
 Oh, thou shalt welcome be.
- 5 Come to Jesus! cling to Him, He'll keep thee far from paths of sin, Thou shalt at last the vict'ry win; And He will welcome thee.
- 6 Come to Jesus! do not stand, The Father draws—'tis His comman,, And none shall pluck thee from His hand, No—that can never be.
- 7 Come to Jesus! Lord, I come: Weary of sin, no more I'd roam, But with my Saviour be at home; I know He'll welcome me.

No. 20. Come to our poor nature's night.





- 2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord, Sick and faint Thy strength afford; Lost until by Thee restored, Comforter divine.
- 8 Orphans are our souls and poor, Give us from Thy heavenly store Faith, love, joy, for evermore, Comforter divine.
- 4 Like the dew Thy peace distil, Guide, subdue, our wayward will, Things of Christ unfolding still, Comforter divine.

Jentle, awful, holy Guest, Make Thy temple in each breast, Sanctify Thy place of rest, Comforter divine.

- 6 In us—for us—intercede, And with voiceless groanings pload Our unutterable need, Comforter divine.
- 7 In us Abba Father cry, Earnest of our bliss on high Seal of immortality, Comforter divine.
- Search for us the depth of God, Bear us up the starry road To the height of Thine abode, Comforter divine.

Hs. 21.

Come unto Me, pe weary.



- 2 "Come unto Me, dear children, And I will give you light." Oh, loving voice of Jesus, Which comes to cheer the night! Our hearts were filled with sadness, And we had lost our way, But morning brings us gladness, And songs the break of day.
- 8 "Come unto Me, ye fainting, And I will give you life." Oh, peaceful voice of Jesus, Which comes to end our strife !
- The foe is stern and eager,
 The fight is fierce and long;
 But Thou hast made us mighty,
 And stronger than the strong,
- 4 And "whosever cometh,
 I will not east him out."
 Oh, patient voice of Jesus,
 Which drives away our doubt!
 Which calls us, very sinners,
 Unworthy though we be
 Of love so free and boundless,
 To come, dear Lord, to Thee,





- 2 I have shed His precious blood, Trampled on the Son of God; Fill'd with pangs unspeakable! I, who yet am not in hell! Whence to me this waste of love? Ask my Advocate above; See the cause in Jesu's face, Now before the throne of grace.
- 8 Lo! I cumber still the ground: Lo! an Advocate is found! "Hasten not to cut him down; Let this barren soul alone."

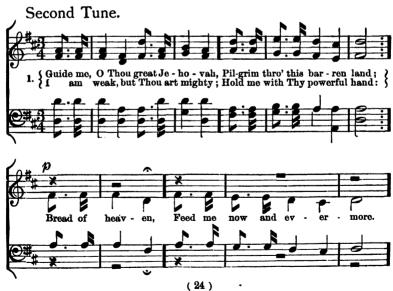
There for me the Saviour stands; Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands; God is love! I know, I feel, God is love and loves me still!

4 Pity from Thine eye let fall, By a look my soul recall; Now the stone to flesh convert, Cast one glance and break my heart. If I rightly read Thy heart; If Thou all compassion art, Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow, Pardon and accept me now.

No. 115. Sinners, turn, why will pe die?

- 1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die? God, your Maker, asks you why? God, who did your being give, Made you with Himself to live; He the fatal cause demands, Asks the works of His own hands, Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye cross His love, and die?
- Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God, your Saviour, asks you wby? God, who did your souls retrieve, Died Himself, that ye might live. Will you let Him die in vain? Crucify your Lord again? Why, ye ransomed sinners, why Will ye slight His grace, and die?
- S Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why?
 He, who all your lives hath strove,
 Wooed you to embrace His love:
 Will ye not His grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 Why, you long-sought sinners, why
 Will you grieve your God, and die?
- 4 Dead already, dead within,
 Spiritually dead in sin;
 Dead to God, while here you breathe,
 Pant you after second death?
 Will you still in sin remain.
 Greedy of eternal pain?
 O ye dying sinners, why.
 Why will ye for ever die?

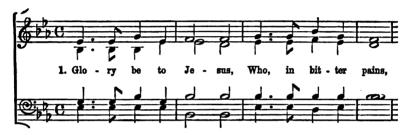


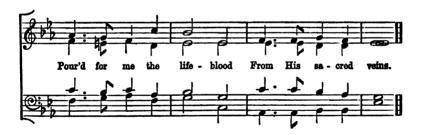




30. 25.

Glory be to Jesus.





- 2 Grace and life eternal In that blood I find; Blest be His compassion, Infinitely kind.
- 8 Blest through endless agea Be the precious stream, Which from death eternal Did the world redeem.
- 4 Abel's blood for vengeance
 Pleaded to the skies;
 But the blood of Jesus
 For our pardon cries.

- 5 Oft as it is sprinkled On our guilty hearts, Satan in confusion, Terror-struck, departs.
- 6 Oft as earth exulting Wafts its praise on high, Angel-hosts, rejoicing, Make their glad reply.
- 7 Lift ye then your voices, Swell the mighty flood; Louder still and louder Praise the precious Blood.



Glory to God on high!



- 2 Jesus, our Lord and God, Bore sin's accursed load, "Praise ye His Name!" Tell what His arm hath done! What spoils from death He won, Sing His great Name alone! "Worthy the Lamb!"
- S While they around the throne Join cheerfully in one, Praising His Name: We, who have felt His blood Sealing our peace with God, Sound His high praise abroad: "Worthy the Lamb!"
- 4 Join all the ransomed race, Our Lord and God to bless; Praise ye His Name: In Him we will rejoice, Making a joyful noise, Shouting with heart and voice, "Worthy the Lamb!"
- 5 Let all the hosts above, Join in one song of love, Praising His Name! To Him ascribed be Honour and majesty Through all eternity: "Worthy the Lamb!"

No. 27. God loved the world of sinners lost.



- 2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The risen Son of God; Redemption by His death I find, And cleansing through the blood.
- \$ Love brings the glorious fulness in, And to His saints makes known The blessed rest from ir bred sin, Through faith in Christ alone.
- 4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
 There shall to you be given
 A glorious foretaste, here below,
 Of endless life in heaven.
- 5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power Let all the ransomed sing, And triumph in a dying hour Through Christ, the Lord, our King.

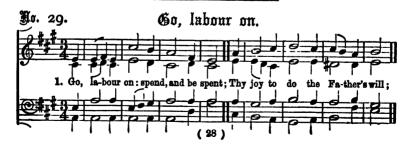


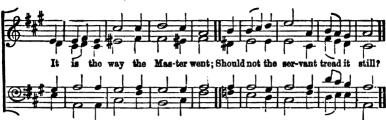


- 2 Jesu, Who for us didst bear Scorn and sorrow, toil and care, Hearken to our lowly prayer; Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 8 Thou, Who leaving crown and throne, Camest here an outcast lone, That Thou mightest save Thine own; Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 4 Thou, Who didst with sinners eat, And with loving words didst greet Mary weeping at Thy feet; Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 5 Thou, Whose gentle look didst chide Peter when he thrice denied, Till in grief he wept and sighed; Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 6 Thou, Who hanging on the tree, To the thief saidst, "Thou with Me To-day in Paradise shalt be;" Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 7 Thou, Who from the cross didst reign, Dying there in bitter pain, Cleansing with Thy blood our stain; Hear us, Holy Jesu.

#1.00 TT

- 1 SHEPHERD of the wandering sheep, Comforter of them that weep, Hear us crying from the deep; Hear us, Holy Jesu.
- 2 That we give to sin no place,
 That we never quench Thy grace,
 That we ever seek Thy face;
 We beseech Thee. Jesu.
- 8 That denying evil lust,
 Living godly, meek and just,
 In Thee only we may trust;
 We beseech Thee, Jesu.
- 4 When temptation sore is rite,
 When we faint amidst the strife,
 Thou, Whose death hath been our life,
 Save us, Holy Jesu,
- 5 While on stormy seas we toss, Let us count all things as loss But Thee only and Thy Cross; Save us, Holy Jesu.
- 6 When shall end the battle sore, When our pilgrimage is o'er, Peace and rest for evermore, Grant us, Holy Jesu.





- 2 Go, labour on : 'tis not for nought Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain; Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not, The Master praises :-- what are men?
- 3 Go, labour on; your hands are weak, Your knees are faint, your soul cast Yet falter not; the prize you seek [down; Is near,-a kingdom and a crown.
- 4 Go, labour on while it is day, The world's dark night is hastening on; Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away; It is not thus that souls are won.
- 5 Men die in darkness at your side, Without a hope to cheer the tomb; Take up the torch and wave it wide-The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.
- 6 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray; Be wise the erring soul to win: Go forth into the world's highway, Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 7 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice : For toil comes rest, for exile home: Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's

The midnight cry, "Behold, I come."



- 2 Against the God that rules the sky, I fought with hand uplifted high; Despised the offers of His grace, Secure without a hiding-place.
- 8 Enwrapt in thick Egyptian night, And loving darkness more than light; Madly I ran the sinful race, Too proud to seek a hiding-place.
- 4 Indignant Justice stood in view, To Sinai's flery mount I flew; But Justice cried, with frowning face,
- "This mountain is no hiding-place."
- 5 Ere long a heavenly Voice I heard. And Mercy's angel-form appeared; She led me on, with joyful face To Jesus, as my hiding-place.
- 6 On Him the tenfold vengeance fell. That would have sunk a world to hell: He bore it for a fallen race, And thus became their hiding-place.
- A few more rolling suns at most Will land me safe on Canaan's coast, There I shall sing the song of grace, And see my glorious hiding-place.



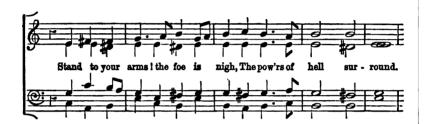


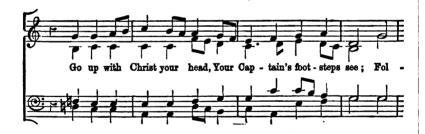
- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;" And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing, The music of the Gospel leads us home. Angels of Jesus, &c.
- 8 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing, The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea; And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee. Angels of Jesus, &c.
- 4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary, The day must dawn, and darksome night be past, Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary, And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last, Angels of Jesus, &c.
- 5 Courage, my soul, faith's moonbeams softly glisten Upon the face of life's most troubled sea, And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen To those brave songs the angels mean for thee. Angels of Jesus, &c.
- 6 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping, Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above; Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping, And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
 Angels of Jesus, &c.

. . .

Fo. 32. Sark, how the watchmen cry.*











- 2 Through much distress and pain,
 Through many a conflict here,
 Through blood ye must the entrance gain,
 Yet, oh, disdain to fear!
 "Courage!" your Captain cries,
 Who all your toil foreknew,
 "Toil ye shall have; yet all despise,
 I have o'ercome for you."
- 8 Jesu's tremendous Name
 Puts all our foes to flight!
 Jesus, the meek, the lowly Lamb,
 A Lion is in fight.
 By all hell's hosts withstood,
 We all hell's hosts o'erthrow;
 And conquering them through Jesu's blood,
 We on to conquer go.
- 4 The world cannot withstand
 Its ancient conqueror;
 The world must sink beneath His hand
 Who arms us for the war.
 All power to Him is given,
 He ever reigns the same;
 Salvation, holiness, and heaven
 Are all in Jesu's Name.



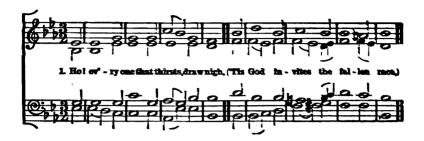


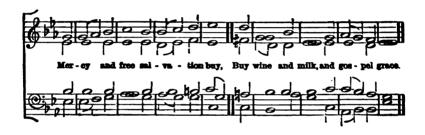
30. 35. Be leadeth me! O blessed thought.



- Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, |8 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters calm, o'er troubled sea-Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.
- Nor ever murmur nor repine, Content, whatever lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
 - 4 And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the victory's won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since Thou through Jordan leadest me

No. 36. So! every one that thirsts, draw nigh.





- 2 Come to the living waters, come ! Sinners, obey your Maker's call; Return, ye weary wanderers, home, And find His grace is free for all.
- 8 See from the rock a fountain rise, For you in healing streams it rolls; Money ye need not bring, nor price, Ye labouring, burdened, sin-sick souls.
- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give, Leave all you have and are behind; Freely the gift of God receive, Pardon and peace in Jesus find.
- 5 Why seek ye that which is not bread, Nor can your hungry souls sustain; On ashes, husks, and air ye feed, Ye spend your little all in vain.
- 5 In search of empty joys below, Ye toil with unavailing strife; Whither—ah, whither would ye go? I have the words of endless life.

Ao. 37•

Holy Ghost, come down.







- 2 For Thou to us art more than father,
 More than sister in Thy love,
 So gentle, patient, and forbearing,
 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.
 Oh, we have grieved Thee, gracious Spirit!
 Wayward, wanton, cold are we;
 And still our sins, new every morning,
 Never yet have wearied Thee.
- 3 Dear Paraclete, how Thou hast waited,
 While our hearts were slowly turned;
 How often hath Thy love been slighted,
 While for us it grieved and burned.
 Now, if our hearts do not deceive us,
 We would take Thee for our Lord;
 O dearest Spirit! make us faithful
 To Thy least and lightest word.
- 4 Ah! sweet Consoler, though we cannot
 Love Thee as Thou lovest us,
 Yet, if Thou deign'st our hearts to kindle,
 They will not be always thus.
 With hearts so vile how dare we venture
 King of Kings, to love Thee so?
 And how canst Thou, with such compassion,
 Bear so long with us so low?

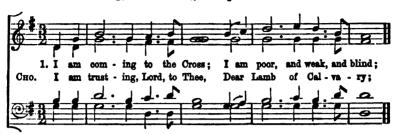


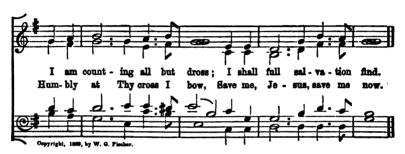
No. 39. Now aweet the Name of Jesus sounds.



- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; "Tis Manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest.
- 8 Dear Name! the rock on which I build, My shield and hiding place, My never-failing treasury, filled With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Weak is the effort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought, But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 5 Till then I would Thy love proclaim With every fleeting breath, And may the music of Thy Name Refresh my soul in death.

I am coming to the Cross.





- Long my heart has sighed for thee,
 Long has evil reigned within;
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me—
 "I will cleanse thee from all sin."—Chorus.
- 8 Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store, Soul and body Thine to be, Wholly Thine for evermore.—Chorus.
- In the promises I trust,
 Now I know the blood applied.
 I am prostrate in the dust,
 I with Christ am crucified.—Chorus.
- 5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
 Perfected in Him I am:
 I am every whit made whole;
 Glory, glory, to the Lamb.

Chomie

Still I'm trusting, Lord, in Thee Dear Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy cross I bow; Jesus saves me, saves me now.

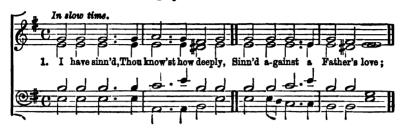


- 2 Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
 By the power of grace divine;
 Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
 And my will be lost in Thine.

 3 Oh, the pure delight of a single hour
 That before Thy throne I spend, [God,
 When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my
 I commune as friend with friend.
 - 4 There are depths of love that I cannot touch Till I cross the narrow sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

30, 42.

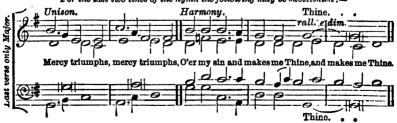
I habe sinned.







For the last two lines of the hymn the following may be substituted:-



2 All my life ories out against me,
Squandered substance, wasted hours;
Soul and body descorated,
Conscience seared, sin-vanquished powers.
Mercy! mercy!
Ere the storm of judgment lowers.

- 3 I have sinned! tears cannot purge ma, Fierce despair, remorseful pain, Cannot rid me of my burden, Cannot break the fatal chain, Mercy! mercy! Or I sink in sin again.
- 4 I have sinned! O God my Father,
 In the sight of all Thy Love
 Now at last I see my baseness,
 Now my guilt and folly prove.
 Mercy! mercy!
 From Thy feet I dare not move.
- 5 Jesus, Saviour, Friend of sinners, Lifted on the cross of shame, From the gates of hell I see Thce, Out of death I gasp Thy Name. Mercy! mercy! Hear me; Thou art still the same!
- 6 Holy Spirit, grieved, offended, Turn again and visit me; Lo, I hate the sins Thou hatest, Loathe myself for grieving Thee. Mercy! mercy! Breath of Life and Liberty!
- 7 O my God! my heart is quailing At the thought of all its guilt; Yet for me those wounds are pleading, Yet for me that blood was spilt. Mercy! Mercy! Thou canst save me, and Thou wilt.
- 8 I am lost—but such Thou seekest:
 Bound—but Thou canst set me free:
 Dead—but Thou art Resurrection:
 Doomed—but Thou hast died for me.
 Mercy! Mercy!
 Lo, I trust my all to Thee!
- 9 At Thy feet I fall unworthy,
 Cast on Thee my crushing load;
 Lord, I dare not bear it further
 Down this "dark and slippery" road.
 Mercy! mercy!
 Thou hast borne it. O my God!

Thou hast borne it, O my God!

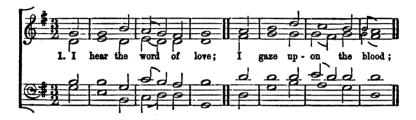
10 I have sinned! but lo, Thy mercy;
Still out-measures all my sin;
Higher than its height, and deeper
Than its hidden depths within.
Mercy triumphs
O'er my sin, and makes me Thine.

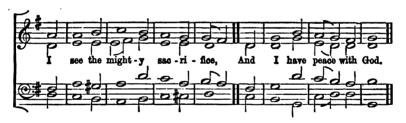


- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live:"—
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream:
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.
- 8 I heard the voice of Jesus say, "I am this dark world's Light; Look unto Me: thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright:"— I looked to Jesus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun; And in that Light of life I'll walk Till travelling days are done,

Ho. 44.

I hear the word of lobe.





- 2 'Tis everlasting peace,
 Sure as Jehovah's Name;
 'Tis stable as His steadfast throne—
 For evermore the same.
- 8 My love is oft-times low; My joy still ebbs and flows; But peace with Him remains the same: No change Jehovah knows.
- 4 I change—He changes not!
 Our Christ can never die;
 His truth—not mine—the resting place
 His love—not mine—the tie.
- 5 And yonder is my peace—
 The grave of all my woes;
 I know the Son of God has come—
 I know He died and rose,
- 6 I know He liveth now In yonder heaven of love; And He will quickly come again, To carry me above.



- 2 Though coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse, Till spotless all and pure.
- Tis Jesus calls me on
 To perfect faith and love,
 To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
 For earth and heaven above.
- 4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
 The blessed work within,
 By adding grace to welcomed grace,
 Where reigned the power of sin.
- 5 And He the witness gives
 To loyal hearts and free,
 That every promise is fulfilled,
 If faith but bring the plea.
- 6 All hail, atoning blood!
 All hail, redeeming grace!
 All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
 Our Strength and Righteousness.





- 2 I need Thee every hour, stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their power when Thou art nigh.
- 8 I need Thee every hour, in joy or pain; Come quickly and abide, or life is vain.
- 4 I need Thee every hour, teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promises in me fulfil.
- 5 I need Thee every hour, Most Holy One: Oh, make me Thine indeed, Thou blessed Son.

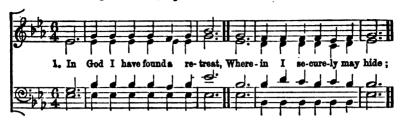
No. 48. In evil long I took delight.



- 2 I saw One hanging on a tree, In agonies and blood, Who fix'd His languid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
- 8 Sure never till my latest breath, Can I forget that look; It seemed to charge me with His death, Though not a word He spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and own'd my guilt And plunged me in despair, I saw my sins His blood had spilt, And helped to nail Him there.
- 5 A second look He gave, which said, "I freely all forgive; This blood is for thy ransom paid, I die that thou may'st live,"
- 6 Thus while His death my sin displays
 In all its blackest hue,
 Such is the mystery of grace,
 It seals my pardon too.
- 7 With pleasing grief and mournful joy My spirit now is fill'd, That I should such a life destroy, Yet live by Him I kill'd.

(51)

Fo. 49. In God I have found a retreat.









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- 2 I dread not the terror by night, Nor arrow can harm me by day; His shadow has covered me quite, My fears He has driven away.
- 8 The pestilence walking about, When darkness has settled abroad, Can never compel me to doubt The presence and power of God.
- 4 The wasting destruction at noon No fearful foreboding can bring; With Jesus my soul doth commune, His perfect salvation I sing.
- 5 A thousand may fall at my side, And ten thousand at my right hand; Above me His wings are spread wide, Beneath them in safety I stand.

Mo. 50. In seasons of grief to my God I'll repair.



2 When Satan, my foe, shall come in like a 4 When Thou, Lord, shalt close my brief flood,

To sweep me away from the arms of my God;

Thy standard uplifted, his power shall defy I rest on the Rock that is higher than I.

8 And while as a stranger I sojourn below, All Thy covenant blessings, Lord, freely bestow; In affliction's dark night to Thine arms let

me fly, Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I. pilgrimage here, [appear; In the likeness of Jesus then let me

Through the swellings of Jordan on Thee I'll rely,

And look to the Rock that is higher than I. 5 And when the last trumpet shall sound

through the skies, And the dead in Christ Jesus immortal shall rise, [yonder sky, With the ransomed I'll praise Him above

Firm on the Rock that i

(53)

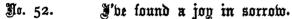


It passeth knowledge.



- It passeth telling, that dear love of Thine, My Jesus, Saviour; yet these lips of mine Would fain proclaim to sinners, far and near.
 - A love which can remove all guilty fear, And love beget.
- 8 It passeth praises, that dear love of Thine, My Jesus, Saviour; yet this heart of mine Would sing that love, so full, so rich, so free, Which brings a rebel sinner, such as me, Nigh unto God.
- 4 I am an empty vessel—not one thought, Or look of love, I ever to Thee brought;

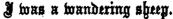
- Yet I may come, and come again to Thee With this, the empty sinner's only plea, Thou lovest me.
- 5 O fill me, Jesus, Saviour, with Thy love ! Lead, lead me to the living fount above; Thither may I, in simple faith, draw nigh, And never to another fountain fly, But unto Thee.
- 6 And when my Jesus face to face I see,
 When at His lofty throne I bow the knee,
 Then of His love, in all its breadth and
 length,
 Its height and depth, its everlasting
 My soul shall sing.





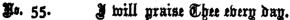


- 2 I've found a glad hosanna for every woe and wail; A handful of sweet Manna when grapes of Eschol fail; I've found a Rock of Ages when desert wells are dry; And, after weary stages, I've found an Elim nigh.
- 8 An Elim with its coolness, its fountains and its shade;
 A blessing in its fulness, when buds of promise fade;
 O'er tears of soft contrition I've seen a rainbow light;
 A glory and fruition, so near!—yet out of sight.
- 4 My Saviour, Thee possessing, I have the joy, the balm, The healing and the blessing, the sunshine and the psalm; The promise for the fearful, the Elim for the faint; The rainbow for the tearful, the glory for the saint!



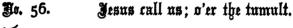


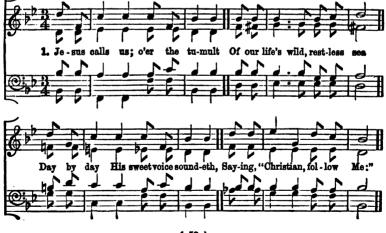






- 2 Here, in the fair Gospel-field, Wells of free salvation yield Streams of life, a plenteous store, And my soul shall thirst no more.
- S Jesus is become at length My salvation and my strength; And His praises shall prolong, While I live, my pleasant song.
- 4 Praise ye then His glorious Name, Publish His exalted fame! Still His worth your praise exceeds, Excellent are all His deeds.
- 5 Raise again the joyful sound, Let the nations roll it round; Zion, shout, for this is He, God the Saviour dwells in Thee!

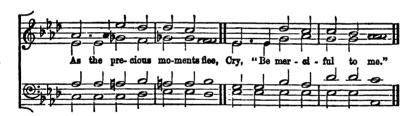




- 2 As of old Apostles heard it, By the Galilean lake, Turn'd from home, and toil, and kindred, Leaving all for His-dear sake.
- S Jesus calls us from the worship Of the vain world's golden store, From each idol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more."
- 4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
 Days of toil and hours of ease,
 Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
 "Christian, love Me more than these."
- 5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies, Saviour, may we hear Thy call, Give our hearts to Thine obedience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 57. Jesus Christ is passing by.





- 2 Jesus Christ is passing by; Will He always be so nigh? Now is the accepted day, Seek for healing while you may.
- 8 Fearest thou He will not hear?
 Art thou bidden to forbear?
 Let no obstacle defeat;
 Yet more earnestly entreat.
- ♣ Lo! He stands and calls to thee, "What wilt thou then have of me?" Rise and tell Him all thy need; Rise, He calleth thee indeed.
- 5 "Lord, I would Thy mercy see; Lord, reveal Thy love to me; Let it penetrate my soul; All my heart and life control."
- 6 Oh how sweet! the touch of power Comes; it is salvation's hour; Jesus gives from guilt release; Faith hath saved thee, go in peace.
- 7 Glory to the Saviour's Name! He is ever still the same; To His matchless honour raise Never-ending songs of praise.



- 2 Oh, how great Thy loving-kindness, Vaster, broader than the sea! Oh, how marvellous Thy goodness, Lavished all on me! Yes, I rest in Thee, Beloved, Know what wealth of grace is Thine, Know Thy certainty of promise, And have made it mine.—Cho.
- Simply trusting Thee, Lord Jesus, I behold Thee as Thou art, And Thy love, so pure, so changeless, Satisfies my heart;
- Satisfies its deepest longings, Meets, supplies its every need, Compasseth me round with blessings: Thine is love indeed!—Cho.
- 4 Ever lift Thy face upon me,
 As I work and wait for Thee,
 Besting 'neath Thy smile, Lord Jesus,
 Earth's dark shadows fiee:
 Brightness of my Father's glory,
 Sunshine of my Father's face,
 Keep me trusting, keep me resting,
 Fill me with Thy grace.—Cho.





- 2 Man may trouble and distress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast; Life with trials hard may press me, Heaven will bring me sweeter rest,
 - O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me; O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.
- 8 Take, my soul, thy full salvation; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ; Joy to find in every station Something still to do or bear:

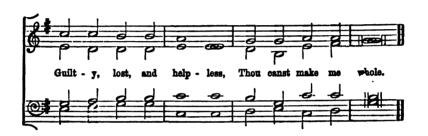
Think what Spirit dwells within thee; What a Father's smile is thine; What a Saviour died to win thee; Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

4 Haste then on from grace to glory, Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer; Heaven's eternal day's before thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there, Soon shall close thy earthly mission, Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days; Hope soon change to glad fruition,

Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

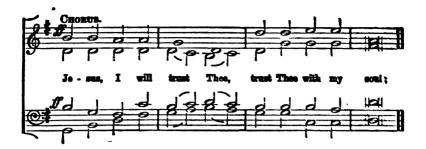
Jo. 60. Jenns, y will trust Thee.

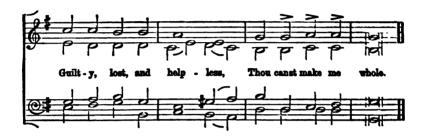












- 2 Jesus, I may trust Thee, Name of matchless worth, Spoken by the angel at Thy wondrous birth; Written, and for ever, on Thy cross of shame, Sinners read and worship, trusting in that Name.
- S Jesus, I must trust Thee, pondering Thy ways,
 Full of love and mercy all Thine earthly days:
 Sinners gathered round Thee, lepers sought Thy face—
 None too vile or loathsome for a Saviour's grace.
- 4 Jesus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy written Word,
 Though Thy voice of pity I have never heard.
 When Thy spirit teacheth, to my taste how sweet—
 Only may I hearken, sitting at Thy feet.
- 5 Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust without a double "Whosever cometh, Thou wilt not cast ant;"
 Faithful is Thy promise, precious is "by blands
 These my soul's salvation, Thou my Markett which

Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust withink a first! Whoseever cometh, Then will and what with

Jesus, let Thy pitying eye. **X**0. 61.





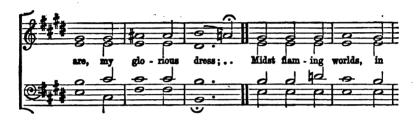
- Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, through Thy dying love,
 The humble, contrite heart.
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let Thy mercy melt me down.
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 8 Look, as when Thine eye pursued
 The first apostate man;
 Saw him weltering in his blood,
 And bade him rise again.
 Speak, my paradise restored,
 Rodeem me by Thy grace alone.
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 4 Look, as when Thy pity saw
 Thine own in a strange land,
 Forced to obey the tyrant's law
 And feel his heavy hand.
 Speak the soul-redeeming word,
 And out of Egypt call Thy son.
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- S Look as when, ere yet Thine eye
 Was closed that we might live,
 "Father," at the point to die,
 Thou didst implore, "forgive!"
 Surely, with that dying word
 Thou speakest, grace and pardon won.
 O my bleeding, dying Lord,
 Thou break'st my heart of stone!



- 2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 8 Wilt Thou not regard my call?
 Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
 Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall!
 Lo! on Thee I cast my care.
- Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cover all my sin; Let the healing streams abound, Make and keep me pure within: Thou of life the fountain art, Freely let me take of Thee: Spring Thou up within my heart. Rise to all eternity.

No. 63. Jesus, Thy blood and righteonsness.







- 2 Bold shall I stand in that great day, For who aught to my charge shall lay? Fully absolved through these I am, From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 8 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb, Who from the Father's bosom came, Who died for me, even me, t' atone, Now for my Lord and God I own.
- 4 Lord, I believe Thy precious blood— Which, at the mercy-seat of God, For ever doth for sinners plead— For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.
- 5 Lord, I believe were sinners more Than sands upon the ocean shore, Thou hast for all a ransom paid, For all a full atonement made.
- 6 When from the dust of death I rise, To claim my mansion in the skies, E'en then, this shall be all my plea, Jesus hath lived, hath died, for me.
- 7 Thus Abraham, the Friend of God: Thus all heaven's armies bought with blood: Saviour of sinners, Thee proclaim— Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- 8 Thou God of power, Thou God of love, Let the whole world Thy mercy prove! Now let Thy Word o'er all prevail; Now take the spoils of death and hell.







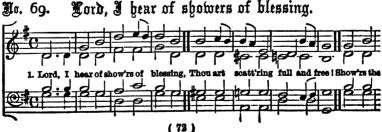
Net it be now.



- 2 Let it be now! swift, swift the moments fly, Each moment lost is lost eternally, And with each, death and doom are drawing nigh. Oh waste no more, no more, Trifler! let it be now!
- 8 Let it be now! long, long thy Father's heart
 Hath yearned for thee, unworthy though thou art.
 O cease at last thy wayward, thankless part.
 Grieve Him no more—no more,
 Wanderer! let it be now!
- 4 Let it be now! for thee the Victim bleeds,
 For thee the Friend of sinners intercedes,
 "Father, forgive this blood-bought soul," He pleadsWound Him no more—no more,
 Sinner! let it be now!
- 5 Let it be now! still doth the Spirit move
 Thy sluggish will, in His unwearied love.
 O yield thee—welcome now the Heavenly Dove;
 Spurn Him no more—no more,
 Waverer! let it be now!
- 6 Let it be now! ere "this thy day" be flown,
 And the dread sentence issue from the Throne,
 "To idols he is joined—let him alone!"
 Ah, then no more—no more
 Mercy will whisper "Now."

^{*} Pause here in last verse.







- 2 Pass me not! O gracious Father! Sinful though my heart may be; Thou might'st punish, but the rather Let Thy Mercy light on me-Even me!
- 8 Pass me not! O tender Saviour! Let me love and cling to Thee; I am longing for Thy favour; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me-Even me!
- 4 Pass me not! O mighty Spirit! Thou canst make the blind to see; Witnesser of Jesu's merit, Speak the word of power to me

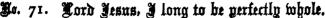
5 Have I long in sin been sleeping-Long been slighting, grieving Thee? Has the world my heart been keeping? O forgive and rescue me-Even me !

- 6 Love of God-so pure and changeless: Blood of God-so rich and free; Grace of God-so strong and boundless, Magnify it all in me-Even me!
- 7 Pass me not! this lost one bringing, 'Tis but one more, Lord, for Thee! All my heart to Thee is springing, Blessing others, oh, bless me-Even me!



Even me!

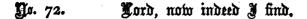
- 8 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour, Kneeling lowly at the door, Ere it close for evermore.
- By Thy supplicating cry, By Thy willingness to die,
- 5 By Thy tears of bitter woe For Jerusalem below. Let us not Thy love forego,
- 6 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place, Lest we lose this day of grace, Ere our eyes behold Thy face.



4.4



- 2 Lord Jesus, let nothing unholy remain, Apply Thine own blood and purge out every stain; For this blessed cleansing I all things forego, Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 8 Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a complete sacrifice; I give up myself and whatever I know— Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 4 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat, I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet; By faith for my cleansing I see Thy blood flow— Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 5 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait; Come now, and within me a new heart create; To those who have sought Thee Thou never saidst, No—Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.





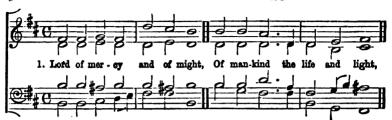






- 2 For nothing good have I
 Whereby Thy grace to claim
 I'll wash my garments white
 In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.
- 8 When from my dying bed My ransomed soul shall rise, Then "Jesus paid it all" Shall rend the vaulted skies.
- 4 And when before the throne
 I stand in Him complete,
 I'll lay my trophies down,
 All down at Jesus' feet.

No. 73. Ford of mercy and of might.





- 2 Who, when sin's primeval doom Gave creation to the tomb, Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb, Jesu, hear and save!
- 8 Strong Creator! Saviour mild! Humbled to a mortal Child, Captive, beaten, bound, reviled, Jesu, hear and save!
- 4 Throned shove celestial things, Borne aloft on angels' wings, Lord of lords, and King of kings, Jesu, hear and save!
- 5 Soon to come to earth again, Judge of angels, judge of men, Hear us now, and hear us then, Jesu, hear and save!



(76)





- 2 See that your lamps are burning, Replenish them with oil; Look now for your salvation, The end of sin and toil. The watchers on the mountain Proclaim the Bridegroom near. Go facet Him as He cometh, With Alleluias clear.
- 3 O wise and holy virgins, Now raise your voices higher, Till in your jubilations Ye meet the angel choir.
- The marriage feast is waiting, The gates wide open stand; Up, up, ye heirs of glory! The Bridegroom is at hand.
- 4 Our hope and expectation
 O Jesus, now appear;
 Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
 O'er this benighted sphere!
 With hearts and hands uplifted,
 We plead, O Lord, to see
 The day of earth's redemption,
 And ever be with Thee!



Fo. 75. Mourner, wheresoe'er thou art.



- S Haste thee, wand'rer, tarry not,
 At the cross there's room!
 Seek that consecrated spot;
 At the cross there's room!
 Heavy laden, sore oppress'd,
 Love can soothe thy troubled breast;
 In the Saviour find thy rest;
 At the cross there's room!
- S Thoughtless sinner, come to-day; At the cross there's room! Hark! the Bride and Spirit say, "At the cross there's room!"

Now a living fountain see, Opened there for you and me, Rich and poor, for bond and free; At the cross there's room!

4 Blessed thought! for every one
At the cross there's room!
Love's atoning work is done;
At the cross there's room!
Streams of boundless mercy flow,
Free to all who thither go;
Oh that all the world might know,
At the cross there's room!

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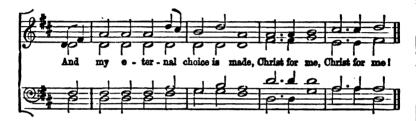
- 2 In this happy place Thy children by grace Now meet to adore Thee, Beholding Thy face.
- 8 In the heavenly Lamb Thrice happy I am; And my heart it doth dance At the sound of His Name.
- 4 True pleasures abound In the rapturous sound; And whoever has cound it Hath Paradise found.

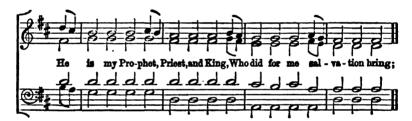
- 5 My Jesus to know
 And to feel His love flow,
 'Tis life everlasting—
 'Tis heaven below.
- 6 Yet onward I haste
 To the heavenly feast;
 That—that is the fulness,
 But this is the taste.
- 7 And this I shall prove, Till with joy I remove To the Heaven of heavens, To Jesu's own love.

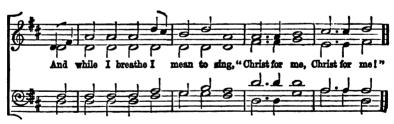
(79)

Bo. 77. My heart is fixed, immortal God.







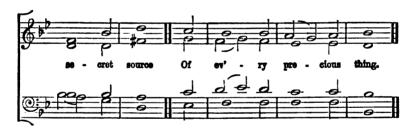


- 2 Let others boast of heaps of gold,
 Christ for me, Christ for me!
 His riches never can be told,
 Christ for me, Christ for me!
 Your gold will waste and wear away,
 Your honour perish in a day,
 My portion never can decay;
 Christ for me, Christ for me!
- 8 In pining sickness or in health,
 Christ for me, Christ for me!
 In deepest poverty or wealth,
 Christ for me, Uhrist for me!
 And in that all-important day,
 When I the summons must obey,
 And pass from this dark world away;
 Christ for me, Christ for me!

No. 78. My heart is resting, @ my God.

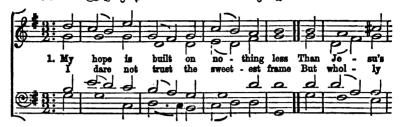


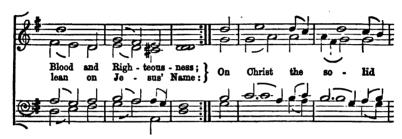




- 2 Now the frail vessel Thou hast made, No hand but Thine shall fill; The waters of the earth have failed, And I am thirsty still.
- 3 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
 And here all day they rise;
 I seek the treasure of Thy love,
 And close at hand it lies.
- 4 And a "new song" is in my mouth, To long-loved music set; Glory to Thee for all the grace I have not tasted yet!
- 5 I have a heritage of joy, That yet I must not see; The hand that bled to make it mino, Is keeping it for me.
- 6 There is a certainty of love, That sets my heart at rest; A calm assurance for to-day, That to be poor is best.
- 7 A prayer, reposing on His truth, Who hath made all things mine; That draws my captive will to Him, And makes it one with Thine.

No. 79. My hope is built on nothing less.







- When clouds and darkness veil His face, I rest on His unchanging grace; In every high and stormy gale My anchor holds within the vale. On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand, All other ground is shifting sand.
- 8 His Word, His Covenant, His Blood, Support me in the 'whelming flood When all around my soul gives way He then is all my help and stay. On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand, All other ground is shifting sand.
- 4 When He shall come, with trumpet sound, Oh! may I then in Him be found; Clothed in His righteousness alone, Faultless to stand before the Throne On Christ, the selid Rock, I stand, All other ground is shifting sand.

No. 80. My spirit, soul, and body.







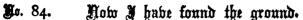


O Jesus, mighty Saviour,
 I trust in Thy great Name,
 I look for Thy salvation,
 Thy promise now I claim.

- 8 O let the fire descending Just now upon my soul, Consume my humble offering, And cleanse and make me whole.
- 4 I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,
 Washed in Thy precious blood,
 Now seal me by Thy Spirit
 ▲ sacrifice to God.









2 O Love, thou bottomless abyss! My sins are swallowed up in thee; Cover'd is my unrighteousness, Nor spot of guilt remains on me, While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,

Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries!

8 With faith I plunge me in this sea; Here is my hope, my joy, my rest; Hither, when hell assails, I flee; I look into my Saviour's breast; Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!

Mercy is all that's written there.

4 Though waves and storms go o'er my head, Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,

Though joys be withered all and dead, Though every comfort be withdrawn; On this my steadfast soul relies: Father, Thy mercy never dies.

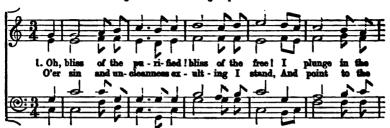
5 Fix'd on this ground will I remain, Though my heart fail, and flesh decay; This anchor shall my soul sustain,

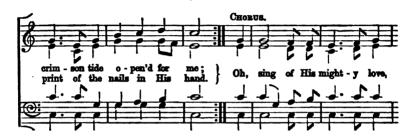
When earth's foundations melt away: Mercy's full power I then shall prove, Loved with an everlasting love.





No. 87. Oh, bliss of the purified.





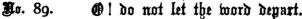


- 2 Oh, bliss of the purified! Jesus is mine, No longer in dread condemnation I pine; In conscious salvation I sing of His grace, Who lifted upon me the light of His face.
- 8 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure:
 No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
 No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
 No tears—but may dry them on Jesus's breast.
- 4 O Jesus, the crucified! Thee will I sing,
 My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
 My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave
 And triumph in death in the "Mighty to save.

hrist, what burdens.



- 2 Death and the curse were in our cup:
 O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!
 But Thou hast drained the last dark drop,
 'Tis empty now for me:
 That bitter cup, love drank it up;
 Now blessings' draught for me.
- 8 Jehovah lifted up His rod:
 O Christ, it fell on Thee!
 Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God:
 There's not one stroke for me.
 Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed:
 Thy bruising healeth me.
- 4 The tempest's awful voice was heard;
 O Christ, it broke on Thee!
 Thy open bosom was my ward,
 It braved the storm for me.
 Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred;
 Now cloudless peace for me.
- 5 Jehovah bade His sword awake, O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee; Thy blood the flaming blade must slake; Thy heart its sheath must be. All for my sake, my peace to make; Now sleeps that sword for ma.
- 6 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
 And I have died in Thee:
 Thou'rt risen—my bands are all untied;
 And now Thou liv'st in me:
 When purified, made white, and tried,
 Thy GLORY then for me.



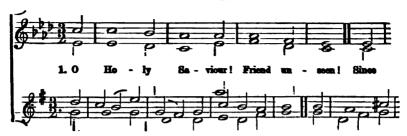




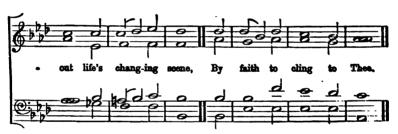


- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love! Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 8 'Tis done—the great transaction's done I am my Lord's, and He is mine; He drew me, and I followed on, Charm'd to confess the Voice Divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
 Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
 Nor ever from my Lord depart,
 With Him of every good possessed.
- 5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall daily hear; Till in life's latest hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

Is. 92. @ John Sabiour, Friend unseen.







- 2 What though the world deceitful prove, And earthly friends and hopes remove? With patient, uncomplaining love, Still would we cling to Thee.
- 8 Blest with this fellowship divine, Take what Thou wilt, we'll not repine, For, as the branches to the vine, In love we cling to Thee.
- 4 Though far from home, wayworn, opprest, Here we have found a place of rest; As exiles still, yet not unblest, In hope we cling to Thee.
- 5 Oft when we seem to tread alone
 Some barren waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
 Thy voice of love in gentlest tone,
 Whispers, "Still cling to Me."
- 6 Though faith and hope awhile be tried, We ask not, need not, aught beside, So safe, so calm, so satisfied, The souls that cling to Thee.
- 7 They fear not life's rough storms to brave, Since Thou art near, and strong to save, Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave, Because they cling to Thee.





- 2 O Calvary! O Calvary! the thorn-crown, and the spear, 'Tis there Thy love, my Jesus, Thy flowing wounds appear, O depth of love and mercy! to those dear wounds I flee, I am a feeble sinner; but Jesus died for me.
- 8 Adore Him! adore Him! the glorious work is done,
 The Father will not punish me, 'twas laid upon His Son,
 "'Tis finished!" cried His suffering soul, and I my title see,
 I am a feeble sinner; but Jesus died for me.
- 4 I'm coming! I'm coming! Lord Jesus, to Thy throne, A few more fleeting hours, and I shall be at home; And when I reach the golden gates, then I'll put in this plea— "Admit a feeble sinner, for Jesus died for me."
- In glory! in glory! "for ever with the Lord,"
 I'll tune my harp, and with the saints I'll sing with sweet accord,
 And when I strike the golden strings this all my song shall be—
 I was a feeble sinner; but Jesus died for me."



8 I leave it all for Jesus: He turned and gazed on me; "And say," I cried, "where dwell'st Thou?" He answered, "Come and see!" I came, and saw, and tarried, Bound by a mighty spell,

And from that happy moment Where Jesus dwells, I dwell. 4 We leave it all for Jesus : O Christ! Thy love constrains We follow in Thy triumph, Thou leadest us in chains Fetters of grace and mercy-To Thine own courts above: Thy chariot-wheels-salvation.

5 Farewell, ye fading visions ! Farewell, our native land! Thy vows, O God! are on us: Henceforth, a pilgrim band, We seek our home in Zion, With Jesus for our guide, An army of cross-bearers Led by the Crucified. 6 Yes, we leave all for Jesus!

And, bending at Thy shripe Present our souls and bodies Henceforward to be Thine; Oh! seal us with Thy Spirit, And take us for Thine own: And Thine are we for ever, Good Lord, and Thine alone!



From sin impatient to be free; Call home, call home, Thy banished ones Lead captive their captivity.

8 Shew them the blood that bought their peace, The anchor of their steadfast hope,

And bid their guilty terrors cease, And bring the ransom'd sinners up.

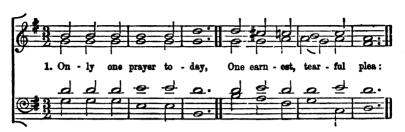
The fallen raise, the mourners cheer; O Sun of Righteousness, arise, And scatter all their doubt and fear.

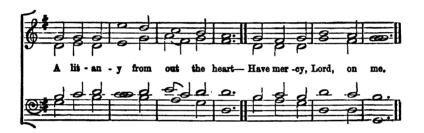
5 Pity the day of feeble things, O gather every halting soul, And drop salvation from Thy wings And make the contrite sinner whole.



Ŋr. 99.

Only one prayer to-day.





- 2 Although my sin is great,
 Still to my God I flee;
 Yes, I can dare look up, and say,
 "Have mercy, Lord, on me,"
- 8 Because of Jesu's Cross,
 And that unfathomed sea—
 The crimson tide which laves the world,
 Have mercy, Lord, on me.
- 4 No other Name than His,

 My hope, my help may be:

 Oh, by that one all-saving Name,

 Have mercy, Lord, on me.
- 5 In garb of sorrow clad
 I crave Thy pardon free;
 In life to die, in death to liveHave mercy, Lord, on me.

No. 100. O, the bitter shame and sorrow.



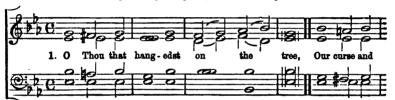
- 2 Yet He found me; I beheld Him Bleeding on the cursed tree, Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father," And my wistful heart said faintly— "Some of self, and some of Thee."
- 8 Day by day His tender mercy,
 Healing, helping, full and free,
 Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
 Brought me lower, while I whispered,
 "Less of self, and more of Thee.
- 4 Higher than the highest heavens,
 Deeper than the deepest sea,
 Lord, Thy love at last hath conquer'd:
 Grant me now my spirit's longing,—
 "None of self, and all of Thee."



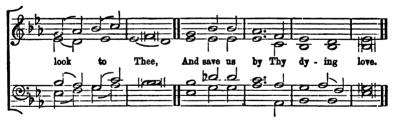


- O, think of the friends over there.
 Who before us the journey have trod,
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
 In their home in the palace of God,
 Over there, over there,
 O, think of the friends over there.
- S My Saviour is now over there, [rest;
 There my kindred and friends are at
 Then away from my sorrow and care,
 Let me fly to the land of the blest,
 Over there, over there,
 My Saviour is now over there.
- 4 I'll soon be at home over there,
 For the end of my journey I see;
 Many dear to my heart, over there,
 Are watching and waiting for me,
 Over there, over there,
 I'll soon be at home over there.

No. 103. • Thou that hangedst on the tree.







- 2 Canst Thou reject our suppliant prayer, Or cast us out who come to Thee? Our sins, ah, wherefore didst Thou bear? Jesus, remember Calvary!
- S Numbered with the transgressors Thou, Between the felons crucified, Speak to our hearts and tell us now, Wherefore hast Thou for sinners died.
- 4 For us wast Thou not lifted up?
 For us a bleeding victim made?
 That we, the abjects, we might hope
 Thou hast for all a ransom paid.
- 5 Oh might we, with believing eyes, Thee in Thy bloody vesture see; And cast us on Thy sacrifice! Jesus, my Lord, remember me!





- 2 Vows and longings, hopes and fears, Broken-hearted sighs and tears, Dreams of what we yet might be Could we cling more close to Thee, Which, despite of faults and failings, Help Thy grace in its prevailings— On Thine altar laid we leave them; Christ, present them! God receive them!
- 3 Homage of each humble heart, Ere we from Thy house depart; Worship fervent, deep and high, Adoration, ecstacy;
- All that childlike love can render Of devotion true and tender— On Thine altar laid we them, Christ, present them! God receive them!
- 4 To the Father, and the Son,
 And the Spirit, THREE in ONE,
 Though our mortal weakness raise
 Offerings of imperfect praise,
 Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
 Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!
 On Thine altar laid we leave them;
 Christ, present them! God receive them!
 (105)

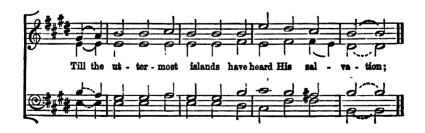
 Amen.

Jo. 106. Praise, praise pe the Haine of Jehovah.

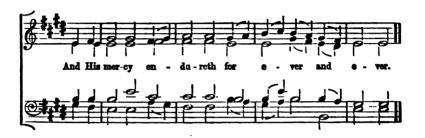












- 2 Praise, praise ye the Lamb who for sinners was slain, Who went down to the grave, and ascended again; And who soon shall return when these dark days are o'er, To set up His kingdom in glory and power; For His love floweth on free and full as a river, And His mercy endureth for ever and ever!
- 8 Then the heaven and the earth and the sea shall rejoice,
 The field and the forest shall lift the glad voice,
 The sands of the desert shall flourish in green,
 And Lebanon's glory be shed o'er the scene;
 For His love floweth on free and full as a river,
 And His mercy endureth for ever and ever.
- 4 Her bridal attire and her festal array,
 All nature shall wear on that glorious day,
 For her King cometh down with His people to reign,
 And His presence shall bless her with Eden again;
 For His love floweth on free and full as a river,
 And His mercy endureth for ever and ever!





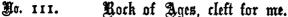
2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers now
By Thine Almighty breath.
3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,

S Revive Thy work, O Lord, Create soul-thirst for Thee; And hungering for the bread of life, Oh may our spirits be! 4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious Name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.
5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,

And give refreshing showers
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours!

(109)







- 2 Not the labours of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and Thou clone.
- 8 Nothing in my hand I bring; Simply to Thy cross I cling; Naked, come to Thee for dress, Helpless, look to Thee for grace; Vile, I to the fountain fly; Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,—
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 112. Sufe in the arms of Jesus.



- 2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
 Safe from corroding care,
 Safe from the world's temptations,
 Sin cannot harm me there.
 Free from the blight of sorrow,
 Free from my doubts and fears,
 Only a few more trials,
 Only a few more tears.
 - Safe in the arms of Jesus, &c.
- 8 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
 Jesus has died for me;
 Firm on the Rock of Ages
 Ever my trust shall be.
 Here let me wait with patience—
 Wait till I see the morning
 Break on the golden shore.
 Safe in the arms of Jesus, &c.





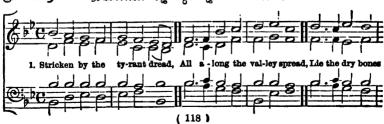
(See No. 23.)













2 Can they live? We cannot break Death's grim spell, nor bid them wake; Do it for Thine own name's sake, For the power is Thine. While we plead bring bone to bone, Bind the scattered parts in one, Bid them live to Thee alone, Spirit of life Divine.
From the four winds, &c.

3 Come, O Breath! be this the hour,
Come, O Breath of God, with power,
Ere the depths of Hell devour
Those who sleep in sin.
Come, O Breath! Thy might we crave,
Hear our cry, make haste to save,
Speak and call them from their grave,
Bid new life begin.
From the four winds, &c.

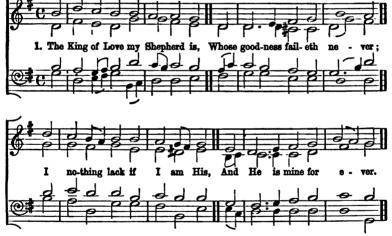
4 They shall live—the tyrant's sway
Thou, O Christ, hast swept away,
Thou hast claimed the "the lawful prey"
Thou hast burst our prison.
Thou the Resurrection art,
Thou the Life;—Thyself impart,
Raise, O raise each death-bound heart,
For Thyself hast risen.
From the four winds, &c.





- 2 The highest place that Heaven affords Is His, is His by right, The King of kings and Lord of lords, And Heaven's eternal Light.
- 8 The joy of all who dwell above; The joy of all below, To whom He manifests His love And grants His Name to know.
- 4 To them the cross with all its shame, With all its grace is given; Their name an everlasting name, Their joy the joy of Heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below, They reign with Him above, Their profit and their joy to know The mystery of His love.
- 6 The cross to them is life and health, Though shame and death to Him: His people's hope, His people's wealth, Their everlasting theme.

As. 122. The King of Love my Shepherd is.



- 2 Where streams of living water flow My ransomed soul He leadeth, And, where the verdant pastures grow, With food celestial feedeth.
- 3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed, And yet in love He sought me, And on His Shoulder gently laid, And home, rejoicing, brought me.
- 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, beside me; Thy rod and staff my comfort still, Thy Cross before to guide me.
- 5 Thou spread'st a Table in my sight, Thy Unction grace bestoweth, And oh! what transport of delight From Thy pure Chalice floweth.
- 6 And so, through all the length of days, Thy goodness faileth never: Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise Within Thy house for ever.

#0. 123. There are angels hobering round.





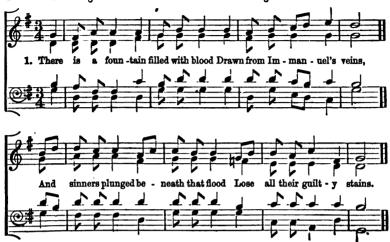
- 2 To carry the tidings home,To carry the tidings home,To carry the tidings, the tidings home.
- 3 To the new Jerusalem,

 To the new Jerusalem,

 To the new, the new Jerusalem.
- 4 Poor sinners are coming home,
 Poor sinners are coming home,
 Poor sinners, sinners are coming home.

- 5 And Jesus bids them come, And Jesus bids them come, And Jesus, Jesus bids them come.
- 6 There's glory all around, There's glory all around, There's glory, glory all around
- 7 Now praise we all our God, Now praise we all our God, Now praise we, praise we all our God.
- 8 For His redeeming love,
 For His redeeming love,
 For His, for His redeeming love,

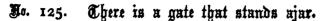
No. 124. There is a fountain filled with blood.



- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there may I, as vile as he, Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransom'd church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing Thy power to save, When this poor lisping, stammering tongue Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared (Unworthy though I be)
 For me a blood-bought, free reward,
 A golden harp for me.
- 7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years, And form'd by power divine, To sound, in God the Father's ears, No other Name but Thine,

The following may be sung at the end of each verse :-

I do believe, I will believe, That Jesus died for me; That on the cross He shed His blood, From sin to set me free.





- 2 That gate ajar stands free for all Who seek through it salvation; The rich and poor, the great and small, Or every tribe and nation
- 8 Press onward then, though foes may While mercy's gate is open; [frown Accept the cross and win the crown, Love's everlasting token.
- 4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
 The cross that here is given,
 And bear the crown of life away,
 And love Him more in heaven.



2 Oh, why was He there as the Bearer of sin, If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?

Oh, why from His side flowed the sincleansing blood,

If His dying thy debt has not paid?

8 It is not thy tears of repentance or

But the Blood, that atones for the soul; On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once

Thy weight of iniquities roll.

4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared

There remaineth no more to be done; That once in the end of the world He appeared,

And completed the work He begun.

5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at

The life everlasting He gives; And know with assurance thou never canst die,

Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.



How deep were the waters crossed;

Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through

Ere He found His sheep that was lost.

Out in the desert He heard its cry—

Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are the blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"

"They were shed for one who had gone astray Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,

And up from the the rocky steep.
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back Hisown!"

(126)



Ho. 129 Chine for eber: God of love.





- 2 Thine for ever: Lord of life,
 Shield us through our earthly strife:
 Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
 Guide us to the realms of day.
- 8 Thine for ever: Oh how blest
 They who find in Thee their rest!
 Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
 Oh, defend us to the end!
- 4 Thine for ever: Saviour, keep
 These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
 Safe alone beneath Thy care,
 Let us all Thy goodness share.
- S Thine for ever: Thou our Guide,
 All our wants by Thee supplied,
 All our sins by Thee forgiven,
 Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.







2 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race;
With all the Father's dazzling train,
With all Thy glorious grace.

8 To chasten earthly joys, To waken holy fears, For ever let the Archangel's voice Be sounding in our ears. The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come;
Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!"

4 O may we then be found
Obedient to His word;
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!
O may we thus ensure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

Io. 132. Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine.



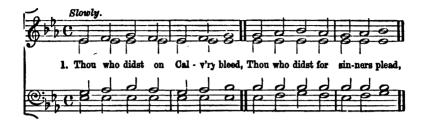
- 2 Ah! show me that happiest place,
 The place of Thy people's abode,
 Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
 And hang on a crucified God:
 Thy love for a sinner declare,
 Thy passion and death on the tree;
 My spirit to Calvary bear,
 To suffer and triumph with Thee.
- 3 'Tis there, with the lambs of Thy flock,
 There only I covet to rest,
 To lie at the foot of the rock,
 O: ise to be hid in Thy breast:
 'Tis there I would always abide
 And never a moment depart;
 Conceal'd in the cleft of Thy side
 Eternally held in Thy heart.

No. 133. Thou Son of God, whose fluming eyes.



- 2 Is here a soul that knows Thee not, Nor feels his want of Thee?
 A stranger to the blood which bought His pardon on the tree?
 Convince him now of unbelief,
 His desperate state explain;
 And fill his heart with sacred grief
 And penitential pain.
- 8 Speak with that voice which wakes the
 And bid the sleeper rise! dead,
 And bid his guilty conscience dread
 The death that never dies.
 The blessed sense of guilt impart,
 And then remove the load;
 Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
 In the atoning blood.

No. 134. Chou who didst on Calb'ry bleed.



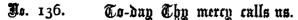


- 2 in my darkness and my grief, With my heart of unbelief, I, who am of sinners chief, Lift up to Thee mine eye.
- 8 Others, long in fetters bound,
 There deliverance sought and found,
 Heard the voice of mercy sound,
 And surely so can I.
- 4 Foes without and fears within,
 With no plea Thy grace to win,
 But that Thou can'st save from sin,
 To Thy dear cross I fly.
- 5 There on Thee I cast my care, There to Thee I raise my prayer; Jesu, save me from despair, O save me or I die.
- 6 When the storms of trial lower, When I feel temptation's power, In the last and darkest hour, Then, Jesu, be Thou nigh.





- 2 Thy Pains, not mine, O Christ, Upon the shameful tree, Have paid the law's full price, And purchased peace for me. To whom, &c.
- 8 Thy Tears, not mine, O Christ, Have wept my guilt away: And turned this night of mine Into a blessèd day. To whom, &c.
- 4 Thy Wounds, not mine, O Christ, Can heal my bruised soul; Thy Stripes, not mine, contain The balm that makes me whole. To whom, &c.
- 5 Thy Blood, not mine, O Christ, Thy Blood so freely spilt, Can blanch my blackest stains And purge away my guilt. To whom, &c.
- 6 Thy Cross, not mine, O Christ, Has borne the awful load Of sins that none in heaven Or earth could bear, but God. To whom, &c.
- 7 Thy Death, not mine, O Christ, Hath paid the ransom due; Ten thousand deaths like mine Would have been all too few. To whom, &c.





- 2 To-day Thy gate is open,
 And all who enter in
 Shall find a Father's blessing,
 And pardon for their sin.
 The past shall be forgotten,
 A present joy be given,
 A future grace be promised,
 A glorious crown in heaven.
- 3 To-day our Father calls us, His Holy Spirit waits; His blessed angels gather Around the heavenly gates;
- No question will be asked us How often we have come; Although we oft have wandered, It is our Father's home!
- 4 Oh, all-embracing mercy,
 Oh, ever open door,
 What should we do without Thee
 When heart and eye run o'er?
 When all things seem against us
 To drive us to despair,
 We know one gate is open,
 One Ear will hear our prayer?

(135)





- 2 I cannot famish though this earth should fail, Though life through all its fields should pine and die, Though the sweet verdure should forsake each vale, And every stream of every land run dry.
- 8 True Tree of Life, of Thee I eat and live, Who eateth of Thy fruit shall never die; 'Tis Thine, the everlasting health to give, The youth and bloom of immortality.

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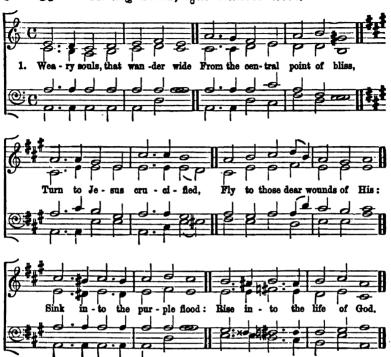
- 4 Feeding on Thee all weakness turns to power, This sickly soul revives like grass in spring, Strength floweth on, and in each buoyant hour This being seems all energy, all wing.
- 5 Jesus, our dying, buried, risen Head, Thy Church's Life and Lord Immanuel! At Thy dear Cross we find th'Eternal Bread, And in Thy empty tomb the Living Well.

No. 138. Weary of earth, and laden with my sin.

İ

- 1 Weary of earth and laden with my sin, I look to Heaven, and long to enter in; But there no evil thing may find a home, And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."
- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand In the pure glory of that holy land? Before the whiteress of that throne appear? Yet there are Hands stretched out to draw me near,
- 8 The while I fain would tread the heaveniy way, Evil is ever with me day by day; Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall, "Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."
- 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear, His are the Hands stretched out to draw me near, And His the blood that can for all atone, And set me faultless there before the throne.
- 5 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild, And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child, And day by day, whereby my soul may live, Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.
- 6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer; That in the Father's courts my glorious dress May be the garment of Thy righteousness.
- 7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord; Thine all the merit, mine the great reward; Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown; Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.
- 8 Naught can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe, Yet let my full heart what it can bestow; Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove, Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

Is. 139. Weary souls, that wander wide.



- 2 Find in Christ the way of peace, Peace unspeakable, unknown: By His pain He gives you ease, Life by His expiring groan: Rise, exalted by His fall! Find in Christ your all in all
- 8 Oh, believe the record true,
 God to you His Son hath given !
 Ye may now be happy too;
 Find on earth the life of Heaven:
 Live the life of Heaven above,
 All the life of glorious love.
- 4 This the universal bliss,
 Bliss for every soul designed;
 God's orig'nal promise this—
 God's great gift to all mankind:
 Blest in Christ this moment be t
 Blest to all eternity.

Ho. 140. Ahat a friend we habe in Jesus.



2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

8 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Rest on Him thy spirit's burden.
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?—
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 141. What could your Bedeemer do?



- 2 Turn, He cries, ye sinners, turn!
 By His life, your God hath sworn
 He would have you turn and live,
 He would all the world receive.
 If your death were His delight,
 Would He you to live invite?
 Would He ask, obtest, and cry,
 Why will ye resolve to die?
- 8 Sinners, turn, while God is near: Dare not think Him insincere: Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands; All day long He spreads His hands.
- Cries, "Ye will not happy be! No! ye will not come to me:— Me, who life to none deny; Why will ye resolve to die?"
- 4 Can ye doubt if God is love?
 If to all His bowels move?
 Will ye not His word receive?
 Will ye not His oath believe?
 See! the suffering God appears!
 Jesus weeps, believe His tears!
 Mingled with His blood, they cry,
 "Why will ye resolve to die?"







2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the Cross of Christ my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to His blood.

pour

con - tempt

And

count but loss,

- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingling down; Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were an offering far too small; Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my life, my soul, my all.
- 5 To Christ, who won for sinners grace By bitter grief and anguish sore, Be praise from all the ransomed race For ever and for evermore.

No. 144. When this passing world is done.



- 2 When I stand before the throne, Dressed in beauty not my own, When I see Thee as Thou art, Love Thee with unsinning heart; Then, Lord, shall I fully know— Not till then—how much I owe.
- 8 When the praise of heaven I hear, Loud as thunders to the ear, Loud as many waters' noise Sweet as harps' melodious voice, Then, Lord, shall I fully know— Not till then—how much I owe
- 4 Chosen not for good in me;
 Wakened up from wrath to flee;
 Hidden in the Saviour's side
 By the Spirit sanctified,
 Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
 By my love, how much I owe.



- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer; Hither by Thy help I'm come; And I hope by Thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home. Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God; He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed His precious blood.
- 3 O to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee:
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
 Seal it for Thy courts above.



Hes, we part, but not for ever. Mo. 151.

1 Yes, we part, but not for ever— Joyful hopes our bosoms swell; They who love the Saviour never Know a long, a last farewell. Blissful unions

Lie beyond this parting vale.

2 Sweet this hour of benediction,
When such unions come to mindWhen each holy heart conviction,
With the promises combined,
Tells of meetings By the Lord for us designed.

 Oh, what meetings are before us!
 Brighter far than tongue can tell—
Glorious meetings to restore us Him with whom we long to dwell.

With what raptures

Will the sight our bosoms swell!

4 Now indeed we meet and sever; Chequered is our transient day; Lite's best flowers perish, ever Tending to a long decay.— Fairest flowers

Bud and bloom, and die away.

5 Soon will cease such short-lived pleasures Soon will fade this earth away; Brighter, fairer, nobler treasures Wait the full redemption-day. Hail the rising

Of the wished-for new-born ray!

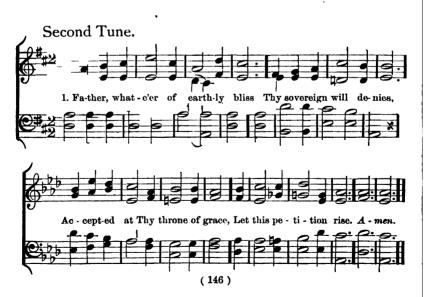
6 Thus we part, but not for ever— Joyful hopes our bosoms swell! They who love the Saviour never Know a last, a long farewell Blissful unions Lie beyond this parting vale.

(145)



3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My path of life attend: Thy presence through my journey shine, And crown my journey's end. Amen.

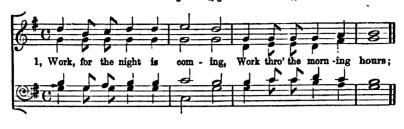
The blessings of Thy grace impart, And let me live to Thee.





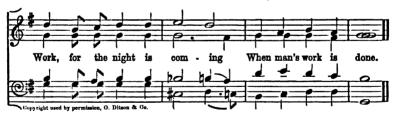
- 2 His passage through a desert lies, Where furious lions roar; He takes his staff, and smiling says, "'Tis better on before."
- 8 When tempted to forsake his God, And give the contest o'er, He hears a voice which says, "Look up, "Tis better on before."
- 4 When stern affliction clouds his cheek; And death stands at the door, Hope cheers him with her happiest note, "'Tis better on before."
- 5 And when on Jordan's bank he stands And views the radiant shore, Bright angels whisper, "Come away! "Tis better on before."
- 6 And so it is, for high in heaven
 They never suffer more;
 Eternal calm succeeds the storm,
 "'Tis better on before,"
- 7 Nor night, nor death, nor parling somnia Can reach that healthful shore But peace, and joy, and moliens life; "Tis better on helors,"

No. 149. Work, for the night is coming.

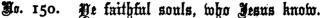








- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labour,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store;
 Work, for the night is coming
 When man works no more.
- 8 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work, till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more:
 Work, while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.





- 2 Your faith by holy tempers prove, By actions show your sins forgiven! And seek the glorious things above, And follow Christ, your Head, to Heaven.
- 8 There your exalted Saviour see, Seated at God's right hand again, In all His Father's majesty, In everlasting pomp to reign.
- 4 To Him continually aspire,
 Contending for your native place;
 And emulate the angel-choir,
 And only live to love and praise.
- 5 For, who by faith our Lord receive, Ye nothing seek or want beside; Dead to the world and sin ye live; Your creature-love is crucified.
- 6 Your 'eal life, with Christ concealed, Deep in the Father's bosom lies; And, glorious, as your Head revealed, Ye soon shall meet Him in the skies.

No. 151. Pes, we part, but not for ever.

(See No. 146.)



- 2 See! how His back the scourges tear, While to the bloody pillar bound! The ploughers make long furrows there, Till all His body is one wound.
- 8 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
 With nails they fasten to the wood;
 His sacred limbs, exposed and bare,
 Or only covered with His blood.
- 6 See there His temples crowned with thorns, His bleeding hands extended wide, His streaming feet transfixed and torn, The fountain gushing from His side!
- 5 Where is the King of Glory now!— The everlasting Son of God? Th' Immortal hangs His languid brow; Th' Almighty faints beneath His load.
- 6 Beneath my load He faints and dies: I filled His soul with pangs unknown, I caused those mortal groans and cries, I killed the Father's only Son.



2 Day is declining, and the sun is low: The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go.

cry,

- 8 The bridal hall is filling for the feast, Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest.
- 4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
 Make haste, make haste: 'tis not too full for thee.
- 5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate, The gate of love; it is not yet too late.
- 6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee; That cup of everlasting love is free.
- 'All heaven is there; all joy! Go in, go in, The angels beckon Thee the prize to win.
- 8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call: Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal hall

Softer and Slower.

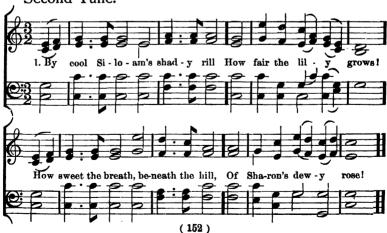
9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal Thy doom: Then the last, low, long cry, "No room, no room!"

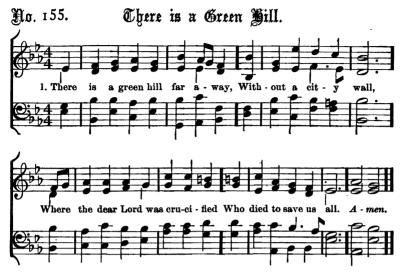
Hymns for Children.



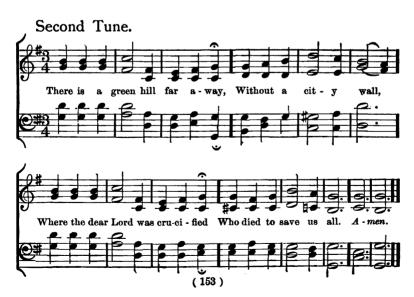
- 2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod,
 Whose sacred heart with influence sweet,
- Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill The lily must decay;
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill
 Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour Of man's maturer age
- Will shake the soul with sorrow's power. And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found Within Thy Father's shrine, Whose years, with changeless virtue Were all alike divine: crown'd,]
- 6 Dependent on Thy boundless breath,
- We seek Thy grace alone, In childhood, manhood, age and death, To keep us still Thine own. Amen.







- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell What pains He had to bear, But we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good, That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by His precious blood.
- 4 There was no other good enough
 To pay the price of sin,
 He only could unlock the gate
 Of heaven, and let us in.
- 5 O, dearly, dearly has He loved,
 And we must love Him too,
 And trust in His redeeming blood,
 And try His works to do. Amen.







Through fields of eternal green;
Where songs of the blest, in their haven of rest,
Float soft on the air serens.

- S Its fountains are deep, and its waters are pure, And sweet to the weary soul;
 It flows from the throne of Johovah alone,
- It flows from the throne of Johovah alone, Oh, come where the bright waves roll! 4 This beautiful stream is the River of Life,
- It flows for all nations free:

 A balm for each wound in its waters is found,
 Oh, sinner, it flows for thee!
- 5 Oh, will you not drink of that beautiful stream, And dwell on its peaceful shore? The Spirit says "Come, all ye weary ones, home, And wander in ain no more!"

Tune carren.







- 2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown around me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the little ones come unto Me."
- 3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in His love; And if I thus earnestly seek Him below, I shall see Him and hear Him above,
- 4 In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare For all who are washed and forgiven; And many dear children shall be with Him there, For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
- 5 But thousands, and thousands who wander and fall,
 Never heard of that heavenly home;
 I wish they could know there is room for them all,
 And that Jesus has bid them to come. Amen.



3 Come, Almighty, to deliver, Let us all Thy grace receive; Suddenly return, and never, Never more Thy temples leave. 4 Finish then Thy new creation.
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place:
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise. Amen.

(159)













Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee Low before Thy footstool kneeling, From the paths of death away: Praise, with love's devoutest feeling, Him who saw thy guilt-born fear, And, the light of hope revealing, Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless. Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure, Love's pure flame within me raise; And since words can never measure, Let my life show forth Thy praise. (165)Amen.





Most Merciful.









44%



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